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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1933.



THE ILL-FATED FLIGHT OF THE MOLLISONS.

The "Seafarer" Heading for the Open Sea after Taking off from Pendine Sands; and Last-Moment Snapshots of the Co-Pilots, Mr. Jim Mollison and Mrs. Mollison (Amy Johnson).

MR. AND MRS. MOLLISON took-off from Pendine Sands, Carmarthenshire, at noon on July 22, flying, as co-pilots, in their aeroplane "Seafarer." Their plan was to make a non-stop flight to New York and there begin a non-stop flight eastward, with Baghdad as their objective, the idea being to beat the present long-distance record—5309 miles. They flew the Atlantic safely—setting up a record by being the first man and wife to make a cross-Atlantic flight together—but shortage of petrol necessitated a forced landing at Bridgeport, Connecticut, fifty-seven miles north-east of New York, at 3.15 a.m. (London time) on the 24th; and their machine, striking marshy ground, was wrecked. They themselves escaped with comparatively superficial injuries and, after doctoring and rest, they flew to New York as passengers.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN human affairs, unfortunately, the warning, "Repent, before it is too late," is hardly uttered until it is too late. Or at least, it is not uttered until it is very nearly too late, and the worst of the work is almost accomplished. The warning is not uttered to the villain in a melodramatic romance, until he is actually advancing on his victim, grasping the pistol, or dagger, or deed of restraint, or letter lending itself to blackmail, or whatever be his weapon; not until he is caught, or nearly caught in the act; not until the police are behind the curtain (except for their boots); not until the detective has understood the whole horrid truth revealed in the half-burnt match or the tea-leaves; not till the deserted wife who has come from Ballarat to expose him is actually hidden in the cupboard—not till then, as a rule, are the helpful words, "Repent, before it is too late."

uttered, with hollow groans, either by the family ghost or the family solicitor.

In the same way, in the case of wicked cities and civilisations, menaced by fire from heaven or revolution out of the earth, in poetry and to some extent even in history, we have an impression that many of the prophets do not point out the peril until it is almost too obvious to need pointing out. Doubtless during the famous eruption of Vesuvius, a serious Sunday paper in Pompeii came out announcing that the world was confronted with a grave crisis; and, at intervals during the Black Death, preachers arose and explained that, if many more villages were wiped out, there would be reason to believe that uncomfortable times were coming soon. But, on the whole, those ancient records show up rather respectably in comparison with our own; there was a great deal more of popular realism and less of an official optimism. But, above all, I am quite sure that the moral tone taken towards life as a whole was, when properly understood, much wiser and more far-seeing. Our fathers had this great advantage over us: that they did believe, in theory at least, that men should have a sense of penitence at all times, even in times of prosperity. They did not always live up to their ideals of penitence, humility, self-examination or self-knowledge, any more than we always live up to our ideals of social altruism, disinterested citizenship, communal affection, or care for the poor. But they remembered them even when they forgot them; in the sense that they remembered them whenever they were reminded of them. A king in unquestioned kingship, and in uproarious health, was not surprised to see a gay and frivolous fresco of the Dance of Death, with a skeleton carrying away kings in a bag. A city, especially a great commercial city, while still in a state of offensive prosperity, and probably engaged on a policy of pestilent oppression, still did in older times go through certain forms that reminded men of older scruples: they observed fasts and formal days of intercession, as if to remind themselves that in their utmost security they were not secure.

Now, during the present tragic transition in our economic history, the trouble is that in many places the prophecy of the disaster only began about the same time as the disaster. Some of us, indeed, had been counted eccentric or cranky for having held, for a long time past, that modern commercialism would probably come to an end; and would probably not come to a good end. But we were a powerless political minority; and, as a whole, this warning was not uttered, even by normal and kindly men, let alone by abnormal and nasty ones. Even the good employer, who was really trying to make Capitalism better, did not, as a rule, stand up and warn people that it might be getting worse. Even the really Christian and humble rich man, who wished ardently to give employment, very seldom had the least notion of what a nightmare was going

will be a great success. I will not go into the old question of what is meant by attacking or defending Progress; the great part of it turns on something which is not so much Progress as rather Effort. Briefly, it depends on whether you regard Progress as growing like grass or as growing like corn. I do definitely believe that better things can grow, if we take the trouble to grow them. I do definitely disbelieve that better things will grow anyhow, by a mere law of growth or evolution.

But the wrong notion of Progress does really apply here. It meant that when better times did come, the better times were bound to become better still. Tennyson, the typical Victorian optimist or (what is worse) meliorist, wrote that "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

Now, no farmer was ever such a fool as to suppose that the crops of men are improved by the process of the suns. He was glad enough to get sun enough to ripen one crop; and when the crop was very good, he was very glad. He gave thanks to God or got drunk, or celebrated an exceptional incident in some such exceptional way. But nobody in the past was so silly as to suppose that a good harvest meant that there would always be better and better harvests. The farmer was thankful for his prosperous year; and, if he was not drunk, or a fool, he repented of his sins in the great year of his prosperity.

But with the Victorian commercial prosperity it was not so. They had been infected with the pestilence of Progress and Optimism and Meliorism, and a faith in the process of the suns (whatever that is), and they did really believe that, because they were rich, they were bound to grow richer. The comfortable commercial Victorians were not content to thank God for an exceptionally good harvest. They were much more inclined to thank themselves, for having discovered the one and

only way by which harvests would go on, every day and in every way, being better and better. And that was the real Victorian vice; for which the wrath of God smote the commercial civilisation out of the sky.

The reason why it never occurred to the Victorians to accept public repentance or establish days of humiliation, or do any of the things which wicked civilisations had done in the past, was that they did not accept their good fortune as good fortune; or even as fortune at all. They accepted a windfall without even offering sacrifice to the wild god of the wind. In other words, they would not accept their prosperity as prosperity; they would insist on accepting it as progress. They would insist that of its nature it was bound to increase, and their remaining representatives are utterly bewildered when they watch it dwindle or disappear. The farmer is far happier; for he remembers that there once was a good harvest, and can hope in the same manner that there may be a good harvest again. Everybody is happier than those unfortunate optimists, who are tied to the dogma that every harvest must be better than the last.



THE LAST EVENT OF THE LONDON SEASON, 1933: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE GARDEN-PARTY THEY GAVE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR COWES.

In the foreground, the King is seen, hat in hand, greeting some of the guests at the Royal Garden Party on July 20. The Queen follows, and behind her are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester. The event marked the end of the London Season; for their Majesties had arranged to leave for Cowes on the following Tuesday, July 25.

to come in the new phase of unemployment. Doubtless it is unfair to make that a matter of blame; it was discovered a long time ago that not all the Lord's people were prophets. But it is a matter of some historical interest to note that the last great period of prosperity was blinder than most periods of prosperity to the possibility of its own death.

I believe this to be one of the real evils that can be fairly put down to the discredit of the dogma of Progress. Some persons, with whom I have controverted, have conceived a notion that I am entirely antagonistic to the idea of Progress; but it is quite a mistake, so far as I am concerned; if, indeed, I have any right to interfere indelicately in discussions about my own opinions. It actually happened, the other day, that a charming young lady from a foreign land came and asked me for assistance in writing a thesis or theme called "G. K. Chesterton's Attack on Progress." I told her what I think about the matter; and I have every reason to hope that her thesis, under the slightly modified title of "G. K. Chesterton's Defence of Progress,"

LONDON AND THE DERRY THAT BECAME LONDONDERRY: THE CIVIC VISIT.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (RT.) VISITING NORTHERN IRELAND: AT THE ROYAL PORTRUSH GOLF CLUB, WHERE HE OPENED THE NEW COURSE.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE LADY MAYORESS, THE SHERIFFS, THE MACE-BEARER, AND THE SWORD-BEARER AT EBRINGTON BARRACKS, LONDONDERRY.



NEW WROUGHT-IRON GATES AT THE ENTRANCE TO DERRY CATHEDRAL CHURCHYARD: A TERCENTENARY SERVICE DURING THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT.



THE OPENING OF CRAIGAVON BRIDGE ACROSS THE FOYLE AT LONDONDERRY: THE PROCESSION OF STATE COACHES, THOSE OF THE CITY OF LONDON BEING USED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A CEREMONY OUTSIDE ENGLAND.



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDONDERRY CONFERRED UPON THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE GUILDHALL.



THE LORD MAYOR, WITH THE LADY MAYORESS (LEFT) AND MISS GREENAWAY AT THE FAMOUS "WISHING CHAIR" AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, PORTRUSH.

Some of the Lord Mayor of London's activities in the course of his historic visit to Northern Ireland to open the new Craigavon Bridge at Londonderry are illustrated here. As mentioned in our last issue, it was the first time that the London State coaches have been used in a ceremony outside England. Representatives of the London Livery Companies, and the Sheriffs of the City, were present. The Lord Mayor (Sir Percy Greenaway) opened the bridge on July 18. It is an all-steel structure of British manufacture, the gift of the Northern Government, and named after Lord Craigavon, the Prime Minister, who formally presented

it to the citizens of Londonderry. The Lord Mayor of London received the freedom of the City of Londonderry on July 18. He attended, on the same day, a service in Derry Cathedral, to celebrate the 300th year since its foundation. Alderman Sir Charles Batho, Governor of the Honourable the Irish Society, which built the cathedral, then presented gates and stone pillars for the churchyard entrance. The city, it is of interest to note, was originally called Derry, and was incorporated under its present name in 1613, after the Irish Society of London had obtained possession of it.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A FAILURE AND ITS LESSONS.

THE withdrawal of a film from a West-End programme, after its unfavourable reception by a "first-night" audience, is an occurrence sufficiently rare to invite closer inspection, especially when the picture is the work of a director of the standing and mentality of M. Alexis Granowski. The fate of "The Merry Monarch," which failed to please the public at the Empire, brings us face to face with two problems—that of the international film and that of the experimentalist. This picture, for all its faults, was by no means lacking either in beauty or in interest for the student of the kinema, yet, on the other hand, the general public cannot be blamed for sitting in judgment on the results, as it sees them, without consideration for the attempt.

"The Merry Monarch," which is a dramatisation of "Les Aventures du Roi Pausole," by Pierre Louys, was made in Paris, and cost, we are told, one hundred thousand pounds to produce. It was obviously destined for the world-markets, and was, indeed, prepared in four, or even five, languages. That being so, the choice of its story seems to me to have been singularly unfortunate. Pierre Louys' book is witty, satirical, but definitely Gallic, and decidedly not for general consumption. It must, in the first instance, have suffered considerable modification, quite apart from the modernising of its originally mediaeval milieu, to fit it for the screen. It may, of course, have retained a good deal of its audacity in its French version, which, I understand, enjoyed a success in Paris. But it was doomed to come under the guillotine of the Censor as soon as it crossed the Channel. Fifty-two cuts were made in a story that, in any case,

of artists. This, I submit, is a mistake, and one that M. Granowski, were he more conversant with the English language, and less preoccupied with certain directorial theories, would have detected. A variety of intonations—German, American, chorus-girl English, and, in one or two cases, "dubbed" English—together with a dissimilarity in the actors' attack on their material, effectually dispelled the harmony of the whole, a harmony which, curiously enough, is one of the director's chief aims. Herr Jannings, fine actor though he is, is essentially Teutonic, slow in method, somewhat heavy in his humour, temperamentally alien to the *déshinvolture* of the French comedian. His ponderous delivery of the dialogue finally removed him

It is quite obvious from his treatment of "The Merry Monarch," that dialogue, as dialogue, interests him far less than the plastic and musical presentation of his theme. You have only to hear M. Granowski expound his views to know that he has not only something to say, but that he is engrossed in his experiments. Hence his significance and, at the same time, his "heel of Achilles." For the experimentalist means a great deal more to the progress of the kinema than the successful commonplaces of the less enterprising, even when the experiment does not "come off." Nevertheless, if the experimentalist chooses to embody his ideas in a commercial production, it behoves him to remember the general public and its just demands, even its limitations. M. Granowski, it seems to me, has been intent on polishing some facets of his art, and has neglected the others because they seemed of lesser importance. When he recognises these, to him, minor issues, and their power to upset the unity of his work, this Latvian director will have something of lasting value to add to the history of the screen. It is to be hoped that the disaster of "The Merry Monarch" will not discourage him in the ploughing of the international field.

"FALLING FOR YOU."

I can think of no more delightful company for an hour or so of relaxation than Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge. These two brilliant comedians have brought burlesque to its highest level, for, however absurd the parody, however extravagant their antics, there always remains an edge of truth that adds to our hilarity. Their character-skits are fundamentally true, keenly observed, and just sufficiently distorted to make them ludicrously funny. Their work has the spontaneity of genuine comic inspiration. It is fresh, whimsical, full of the unexpected, and



"FALLING FOR YOU," THE NEW PICTURE AT THE TIVOLI: THE OPENING SCENE, WHERE JACK HULBERT (AS JACK HAZELDEN, THE "NEWSHOUND") COMES TO GRIEF ON HIS SKIS, AND RECEIVES GOOD ADVICE FROM A SMALL EXPERT.

Jack Hazelden, a care-free reporter, falls in love with Sondra von Heyden (Tamara Desni), a beautiful girl, while on holiday in Switzerland. The presence of Minnie Tucker (Cicely Courtneidge), a woman reporter, his rival in seeking a story about an abducted heiress, rather spoils his fun; though, unknown to him, the beautiful Sondra is the very person whom his paper wishes him to interview. The rivalry of Minnie and Jack leads them into a series of situations fraught with comedy before Jack saves Sondra from an unwelcome marriage, and is content to let Minnie have the story.



THE FEMALE "NEWSHOUND" TAKES A POSITION AS COOK IN THE HOUSE WHERE THE MISSING HEIRESS WHOM SHE IS "TRAILING" IS STAYING: A SCENE FROM "FALLING FOR YOU"—CICELY COURTNEIDGE AS MINNIE TUCKER (RIGHT) BEING REGARDED WITH SOME SUSPICION BY THE OTHER INMATES OF THE SERVANTS' HALL.

from the Latin spirit of the amorous adventures in le Roi Pausole's legendary kingdom, to the atmosphere of the German Biergarten. Herein lies, then, one of the major difficulties of the multi-lingual film—the selection of alternative companies capable of preserving the complexion of the original picture, a difficulty to which the box-office demand for the inclusion of a star adds its weight. Unless the picture's story is strong enough to be of universal appeal, and its theme as well as its characterisations mentally accessible to artists of different nationalities, any amount of directorial merit will fail to make a successful job of it.

There was, as a matter of fact, something more than directorial merit in M. Granowski's work in "The Merry Monarch." The more discriminating picturegoer has been robbed of seeing an effort in itself by no means unimportant, as well as of Mr. Rudolph Maté's superb camera-work, which in its imagination and translucency never fell short of wit or fantasy, by the public's comprehensible intolerance. For M. Alexis Granowski is undoubtedly a force to reckon with in the kinema, in spite of his initial failure in London. He has a purpose, a definite goal, and the courage of individual expression. Born in

Riga, he studied physiology and psychology in Munich, studies which colour his present search for a universal kinematic formula to a very great degree. Before turning his attention to films, he acquired a thorough knowledge of stage-craft under Reinhardt, and capped his career as producer by his masterly staging of "Sergeant Grischa" at the Reinhardt Theatre in Berlin. The production, I am told, was a triumph, instinct with drama and an almost kinematic fluency. He sees in the response to rhythm inherent in every man, woman or child, the solution of the international film problem. He is concerned with the synchronisation of action and music. The blending of optical and oral appeal, based on the knowledge that the eye apprehends twice as quickly as the ear, is one of his main objectives.



RUTH CHATTERTON IN "LILLY TURNER," THE FILM WHOSE PREMIERE, AT THE CAPITOL, WAS ARRANGED FOR JULY 30—A PICTURE THAT TELLS OF THE LIFE OF A WOMAN AMONG MUSIC-HALL ARTISTES AND CIRCUS PERFORMERS.

owed none of its success as a novel to strength of plot; and fifty-two cuts may well mean disaster for material so fantastic as "Le Roi Pausole." Moreover, M. Granowski was not particularly happy in the cast of the English version, though each member of it had individual merit, and one at least is a star of the first magnitude—Emil Jannings.

There seems to have been an effort to secure internationalism for the film by gathering together a "mixed bag"

racily British. I place the pair unhesitatingly at the top of the list of our drolls.

Mr. Hulbert and Miss Courtneidge can turn any and every situation into a joke, and depend less, perhaps, than any other "comics" on their surroundings. But they are, above all, artists, and they have brought to their handling of screen material an intelligent appreciation of kinematic values. "Falling for You," at the Tivoli, is Mr. Hulbert's first essay in direction. With the co-operation of Mr. Robert Stevenson, he has produced a light-hearted entertainment that, in its pictorial qualities, its neat interweaving of song, dance, and action, and its brisk pace preserves an admirable balance. The opening chapters of the story, which is concerned with the escapades of two rival reporters, are set against the enchanting background of the snow-capped Alps, with all the exhilarating traffic of the winter sports, and a fine open-air atmosphere to throw into high relief the frolics of the "stars." Mr. Hulbert's clever little cartoon of a snow-imp bouncing gaily down the mountain side forms the prelude of his later improvisations, and heralds Mr. Hulbert's arrival on very unruly skis, and Miss Courtneidge's equally turbulent *entrée* on a toboggan. Moreover, the amenities of the ice-rink provide an opportunity for Mr. Hulbert to vie with the lovely stranger for whom he "falls," literally as well as metaphorically, in an exhibition of figure-skating that, in its grace and agility, is a joy to watch. A newcomer to the screen, Miss Tamari Desni, who was one of the principal dancers in "Casanova," supplies the element of romance in the extravaganza of newspaper "scoops," as well as the exclusive story which the two reporters are out to get. Miss Desni's beauty and repose augur well for her film career. She is a charming foil for her lively partners, who are well supported in this supremely pleasant picture.

THE HURRICANE IN TRINIDAD.

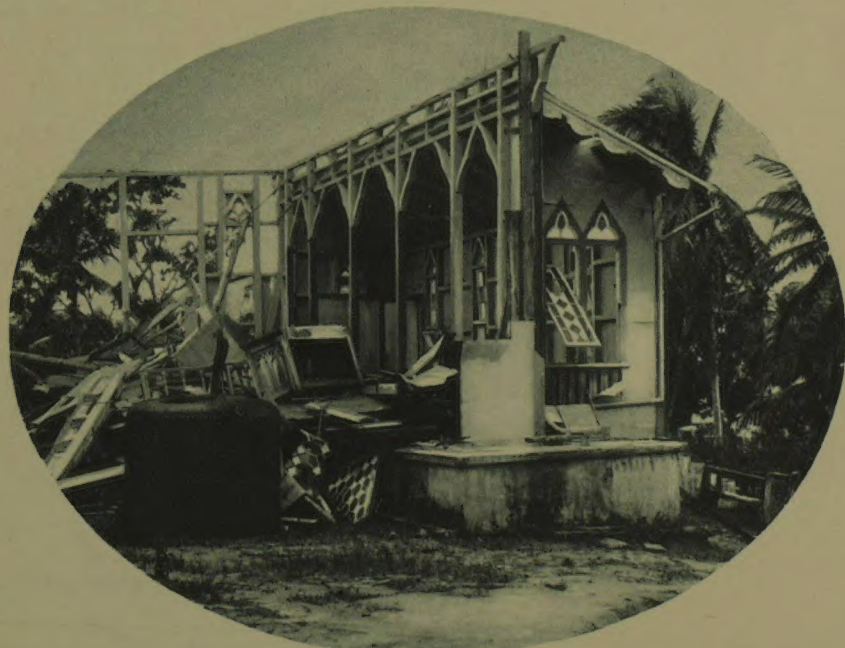
Trinidad, hitherto believed to be outside the hurricane zone, suffered the worst storm in its history on the night of June 27. The hurricane struck the south end of the island, tearing off the roofs of houses, sinking lighters and sloops, and causing much havoc among the coconut groves and the derricks of the oil-fields. Cocoa plantations also suffered severely through the falling of large trees used to shade cultivation from the sun. San Fernando, the southern capital, escaped the full force of the hurricane, which was felt most severely along the edge of the south coast, notably at Cedros, Icacos, Erin, Palo Seco, Siparia, Moruga, and Guayaguayare. Eight deaths occurred in all, none of them Europeans. In the districts most affected all food-crops were destroyed and hundreds of native houses demolished. Loss to estate holders was estimated in an official telegram as amounting to several hundred thousand pounds sterling. All possible assistance was afforded to those rendered destitute, and a relief fund, under the auspices of the Governor, who flew over the distressed area, was opened at Port of Spain. The hurricane, apparently continuing its course across the Caribbean, did extensive damage a few days later in Cuba.



THE APPALLING HURRICANE WHICH DEVASTATED PARTS OF SOUTH TRINIDAD: THE REMAINS OF A TWO-STOREY HOUSE IN CEDROS.



THE COCONUT GROVES OF CEDROS, NEAR THE PLACE OF COLUMBUS'S LANDING, ALMOST WHOLLY BLOWN DOWN: DAMAGE DONE BY A TROPICAL HURRICANE.



THE REMAINS OF AN ANGLICAN CHURCH AT CEDROS, HALF ITS ROOF AND WALLS BLOWN CLEAN AWAY: TYPICAL DEVASTATION IN A TOWN WHERE HUNDREDS WERE LEFT WITHOUT FOOD OR SHELTER.

THE JEWISH MASS DEMONSTRATION.



A MASS DEMONSTRATION BY THE JEWS OF LONDON AGAINST THE TREATMENT OF JEWS IN GERMANY: AN EX-SERVICE MAN RIDING THROUGH THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD IN HYDE PARK.



PART OF THE CROWD OF ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND WHO PROTESTED IN HYDE PARK AGAINST THE PERSECUTION OF JEWS IN GERMANY; WITH A BANNER OF JEWISH EX-SERVICE MEN RAISED ALOFT.



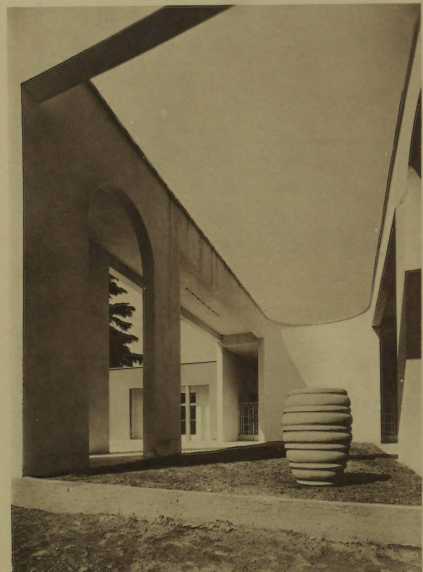
A RABBI (CENTRE) WHO SPOKE AT THE MASS DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK: TYPES OF THOSE WHO TOOK PART IN THE ORGANISED MARCH FROM STEPNEY GREEN.

A substantial part of London's Jewish population marched in procession from the East End to Hyde Park on July 20 to protest against the Hitler Government's persecution of their race in Germany. The procession had been arranged by the Jewish Protest Committee, and an invitation was made to Jews in the East End to close their shops and businesses on the day of the march. About thirty thousand people took part, slowly proceeding from Stepney Green to the Marble Arch. It took them nearly an hour to pass through the gates into the Park. Another huge crowd of perhaps twenty thousand sympathisers awaited the procession in Hyde Park, and the demonstration concluded with the members breaking up into audiences to hear those who spoke from platforms erected in the Park. The whole proceedings were remarkable for their orderliness and evident sincerity, and formed a protest on a national scale in harmony with those already made in every country of the world where Jews are numerous. It was probably the biggest Jewish demonstration that England has ever seen. Since the day was very hot, many marchers fell out on the way, and a number of people received attention from members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

FROM STEEL TENEMENT TO ARTIST'S VILLA: THE MOST MODERN NOTE IN ARCHITECTURE.



A VERY MODERN STYLE OF INTERIOR DECORATION SHOWN IN BEING AT THE "TRIENNALE" EXHIBITION AT MILAN: A WALL OF LOOKING-GLASS, PIERCED BY AN ARCH.



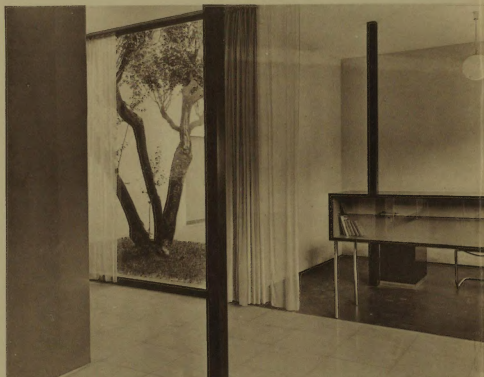
IN THE PARK AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION, WHERE MANY DESIGNS FOR BUILDINGS WITH SPORTING OR ATHLETIC PURPOSES ARE TO BE SEEN: THE COURT OF A GOLF CLUB; CLEARLY MEANT TO GRACE A SOUTHERN EUROPEAN LINKS.

THE "Triennale"—a great international exhibition of modern architecture, applied art, and technical progress—is now being held in the Central Park, Milan. It consists of two parts: The Palace of Art, which, in addition to housing the Ceremonial Staircase and the Banqueting Hall, offers a survey of the architecture and the arts and crafts of most of the nations of the world; and structures designed by the younger generation in Italy—particularly various classes of buildings used for athletics and sport, and houses in the country—all these situated within the park. The park itself is dominated by the Littoria Tower, which an Italian writer in the "Illustrazione Italiana" thus describes: "The style in which it is constructed is a fine one, being simply linear. . . . Tubular steel has been much employed . . . and electric welding at the joints. . . ."

(Continued opposite.)



NOT IN KEEPING WITH ACCEPTED IDEAS OF RURAL ARCHITECTURE!—BUT AIRY, CONVENIENT, AND SIMPLE IN DESIGN: AN "ESTATE-BAILIFF'S RESIDENCE" ERECTED IN THE PARK OF THE MILAN EXHIBITION.



COOL, WELL LIGHTED, AND EASY TO KEEP CLEAN: A ROOM IN AN "ARTIST'S VILLA," AS BUILT IN THE MILAN EXHIBITION; WITH A VIEW OF THE LITTLE COURTYARD BEYOND, IN WHICH A TREE IS PLANTED.



OF PARTICULAR INTEREST IN VIEW OF THE EXTENSIVE SLUM-CLEARING PROGRAMMES NOW BEING UNDERTAKEN IN THIS COUNTRY: A ROOM IN A STEEL "TENEMENT-HOUSE."



ANOTHER ADVANCED SUGGESTION PUT FORWARD BY YOUNG ITALIAN ARCHITECTS AND CARRIED OUT IN THE PARK OF THE MILAN EXHIBITION: A "CUBIC" WEEK-END COTTAGE BUILT OF STEEL.

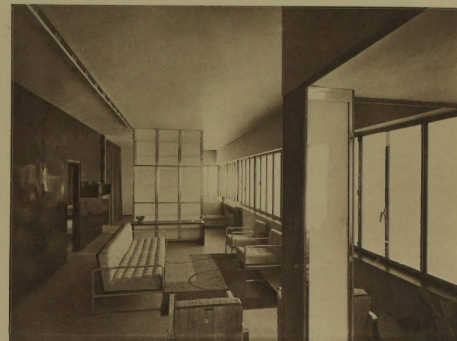


OF A TYPE CALCULATED TO REDUCE HOUSEKEEPING TO ITS SIMPLEST AND MAKE THE MOST OF SUN AND AIR IN A SHORT SPACE OF TIME: A ROOM IN A MODERN WEEK-END COTTAGE AT THE EXHIBITION.



COMFORTABLE IN APPEARANCE, BUT WITHOUT MAKING ANY CONCESSIONS TO OLD-FASHIONED STANDARDS OF ELEGANCE AND LUXURY: A ROOM IN A "COUNTRY HOUSE."

THE NEW ITALY EXHIBITS THE NEW STYLES: EXTERIORS AND INTERIORS SEEN IN MILAN.



A REST-ROOM IN THE STEEL "TENEMENT-HOUSE" AT THE MILAN EXHIBITION: AN APARTMENT CALCULATED TO INSTIL FUTURISTIC IDEAS INTO ITS USERS, NO MATTER HOW POOR OR IGNORANT.



A ROOM RATHER TOO LIKE A HOSPITAL WARD, PERHAPS, FOR THE TASTE OF THE CONSERVATIVE ENGLISH WORKING MAN!—BUT NONE THE LESS COMFORTABLE AND REPOSEFUL: A BED-ROOM IN THE STEEL "TENEMENT-HOUSE."

(Continued.) The height of the top of the tower above the foundations is 116 metres (some 350 ft.). In the Palace of Art is to be seen the exhibition of Italian applied art. Other countries, including Austria, Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Switzerland, and Sweden, are also represented there. Beside the show of things domestic is one of commodities that have to do with transport. For instance, there are to be seen two very up-to-date Italian railway coaches, together with French and Austrian examples of the same type of rolling-stock. The Italian local schools of arts and industries—of which almost every great city has at least one—are represented in the Palace of Art. Finally, there are exceedingly popular international contests for flower-raisers, nurserymen and gardeners, and breeders of pets of various kinds.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, prevalent enough in most professions, such as law, politics, medicine, the Services, the arts and sciences, the stage, and society in general, does not seem to have had much appeal for the greater lights of our modern literature. Most of them have been content to be known by their works, and (apart from certain novels based on personal experience) have left the facts of their career to be told, and their characters portrayed, by the industrious "Bates, B.A." Arnold Bennett, of course, was a shining exception, and another is Sir Henry Newbolt, while Mr. John Drinkwater has covered one stage of his coaching ancestry and his own earthly pilgrimage. But where are the reminiscences of Hardy and Meredith, Wells and Shaw, Barrie and Galsworthy, Bridges, Masfield, or Sir William Watson?

One name omitted from this list will spring to mind. If the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" has not told us his own plain tale *in extenso*, we must be grateful for small mercies when we get what I hope may be an instalment on account, in the shape of "SOUVENIRS OF FRANCE." By Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan: leather, 3s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.). This slim little volume of less than sixty pages whets the appetite for more, for I am bound to confess that it has about it a certain sketchiness, at once highly stimulating but unsatisfying. Flashes of the familiar style—the biting phrase and pungent irony—show that his hand has not lost its cunning. If Mr. Kipling would lead the way with a full-dress autobiography, who knows but what the others who are still with us might follow? Now that he has taken the first step before the microphone, perhaps he may be spurred also to this greater adventure?

Mr. Kipling's first souvenir of France is a visit to Paris in 1878, when he was twelve or thirteen, with his father, who was in charge of the Indian section at the Exhibition. His father turned him loose to explore for himself. "I even came to know," he says, "a little of the Left Bank, and the book-boxes of the Quai Voltaire, then filled with savage prints and lithographs of the War of '70. . . I considered myself well informed as to that war because, a few years before, I had been given a scrap-book cut out of *The Illustrated London News*." After the coming of the motor-car his knowledge of the country was infinitely extended. "Year after year, in the cars of the period when motorists were as much pioneers of travel as are now airmen, we explored France. ('But, Monsieur, we cannot accommodate *that* here. It will frighten the horses!') That was at the old hotel in Avignon.) Then was revealed to us, season after season, the immense and amazing beauty of France; the laborious thrift of her people, and a little of their hard philosophy. . . And as one came to know France more intimately, one gathered memories and pictures of people and things which became part of one's accepted life, destined to grow more significant through the years." Yes, Mr. Kipling, we want more of those memories!

Over the Great War period he steps lightly in the matter of space, but heavily in point of emphasis on its German origin. He concludes with a glimpse of Clemenceau, in old age, "completing some personal records"—a good example! The Tiger talked about great Frenchmen of the past, and was reminiscent about his own trip to India. By way of *envoi*, both to the interview and the book, Mr. Kipling adds at the end—"And these are some of the reasons why I love France." Some? But we should like them all; and, furthermore, his reasons for whatever feelings he may entertain, say, towards England or India; and whatsoever lands he may have visited "for to admire and for to see."

Quite the most beguiling book of feminine reminiscences that I have encountered for some years is "LIFE'S ENCHANTED CUP." An Autobiography (1872—1933). By Mrs. C. S. Peel, O.B.E. With eleven illustrations (Lane; 12s. 6d.). The author has the gift of lively narrative and description, and discusses frankly and sensibly the common social and domestic problems which have afflicted us all before, during, and since the war. During the war, Mrs. Peel was Director of Women's Service in the Ministry of Food. Otherwise, her mainwork was for many years in journalism. At the outset of her literary career she had the luck to interest Arnold Bennett, then editing *Woman*,

and to receive some caustic instructions from him in the art of writing. Later she was on the *Daily Mail*, in the employment of Lord Northcliffe, with whom she was on visiting terms, and of whom she gives close personal glimpses. She has useful suggestions to offer on the housing question, slums, and health centres, and she draws an interesting contrast between the social manners and customs of Victorian times and those of to-day. Her book is permeated by an attractive spirit of *joie de vivre*. "I give thanks over and over again," she says, for instance, "to those who write good books, for books give one the world and all therein."

From the brisk and snappy Northcliffian manner, it is

It is equally interesting to compare the two with each other, for their visits were practically simultaneous, in the 1780's. To take the lady first, her book in its English form is "SOPHIE IN LONDON, 1786." Being the Diary of Sophie V. la Roche. Translated from the German, with an Introductory Essay, by Clare Williams. Foreword by G. M. Trevelyan. With Silhouette Portrait Frontispiece (Cape; 10s. 6d.). Sophie (which I will call her for short) saw rather more than did the Frenchman, and was of an age to discuss such matters as English marriages, and the English electoral system. Among the celebrities she met was Warren Hastings, whom she appears to have urged, unsuccessfully, to write his reminiscences. She records much interesting talk about his Indian experiences. "Someone asked him," she mentions, "whether he did not think England might one day lose India as she lost America. 'Yes,' he replied, 'in precisely the same way as she lost America—through the people in Parliament—in no other way.'" It will be gathered that Sophie's diary, written for her daughters, is well worth attention.

East Anglia (which Sophie also visited) was the main scene of the experiences described in "A FRENCHMAN IN ENGLAND, 1784." Being the *Mélanges sur l'Angleterre* of François de la Rochefoucauld. Now Edited from the MS. Introduction by Jean Marchand, Librarian at the Chamber of Deputies. Translated, with Notes, by S. C. Roberts, Fellow of Pembroke College, with Portrait Frontispiece and other illustrations (Cambridge; 8s. 6d.). That this book is the work of a young man is evident both from the nature of the things described and of the opinions expressed. Despite his youth, however, the author was evidently serious-minded, and able to appreciate political and social aspects of our country which he found different from those of his own. He had introductions to various local landowners, and became very friendly with Arthur Young, the agricultural writer and social economist. He describes an early form of health insurance and sick benefit practised at rural inns. One passage on road trouble is amusing in these days of the ubiquitous motor-car and traffic congestion. "It is impossible," he writes, "to give any idea of the number of travellers who are always to be met with on the English roads. You cannot go from one post to another without meeting two or three post-chaises, quite apart from the regular diligences. Indeed, the only way in which I could convey any notion of this great traffic would be to give a list of the post-horses in Bury alone. . . . There are 125 horses available in the town for the service of post-chaises and diligences." What would he say to the Brighton Road on August Bank-holiday?

I must reserve for another week an important book of French war-time reminiscences, "THE PARIS FRONT." A Diary, 1914-1918. By Michel Corday. Illustrated (Gollancz; 18s.); likewise two very attractive modern travel-books relating to a part of France which has happy holiday memories for me—"THE CHARM OF BRITANNY." By R. A. J. Walling. Illustrated (Harrap; 7s. 6d.); and "THROUGH BRITANNY IN 'CHARMINA.'" From Torbay to the Bay of Biscay in a 6-Tonner. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated (Rich and Cowan; 12s. 6d.). Finally I would recommend a book about our own homeland, very alluring both on the literary and the pictorial side, namely, "THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND." By Thomas Burke. With thirty-nine illustrations from photographs (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). The author, whose fame has hitherto been associated with the somewhat macabre suburb of Limehouse (whereof I also have certain memories), here shows himself possessed of the poet's eye for lovely landscape and the spirit of place. Thus, in describing Tintagel Castle by the Cornish sea,

Mr. Burke writes concerning Arthurian romance: "Here is something older than Canterbury, perhaps older than Stonehenge, and with more meaning for us. For these tales . . . make the real Talmud, Koran, or Bible of England. The average Englishman's personal religion is not an imported religion of Eastern mysticism. It is the religion of honour, courage, right acting, and right thinking . . . the average Englishman is more ashamed of falling short of Kipling's *If* than of falling short of the Sermon on the Mount." The whole passage is very well put, but I should prefix a rather large "if" to the suggestion that Tintagel Castle is older than Stonehenge.—C. E. B.



DURING A LOW FLIGHT OVER PRONGBUCK—SOME OF THE ANIMALS LOOKING UP AT THE MACHINE AS IT THUNDERS ABOVE THEIR HEADS: CREATURES THAT RACE BY INSTINCT, ALWAYS READY TO PIT THEIR SPEED AGAINST HORSE, MOTOR-CAR, OR EVEN AEROPLANE.

In consequence of the recent statement that elephants in Uganda are becoming restless through the continual passage of aircraft, we reproduce here and on the three following pages some beautiful air photographs bearing on the question. Game photographed from the air is a subject which "The Illustrated London News" has dealt with in brilliant fashion on several previous occasions.

a change to turn to an atmosphere of scholarly erudition pervading "MEMOIRS IN MINIATURE." A Volume of Random Reminiscences. By Dr. G. C. Williamson (Grayson; 10s. 6d.). The title happily recalls the fact that the study of miniatures, on which Dr. Williamson is a high authority, has been his principal life work, and inspired many of his books on art (numbering over a hundred!). In the present volume, two chapters are devoted to his favourite theme, "Portrait Miniatures" and "Eyes." The rest cover a wide variety of subjects. Some relate to famous personalities whom the author has known, including Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra, Jenny Lind, Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Lord Curzon, and Edmund Gosse. Countless other people crop up incidentally. Dr. Williamson's work as an expert adviser in art matters has gained him the entrée to many palaces and great houses, and his book, with its devotion to all that is beautiful both in the works of man and in humanity itself, has an air of grace and courtliness and urbane suavity that seems to belong to a bygone age.

With Mr. Kipling's reflections on modern France it is interesting to compare two records of travel experiences in eighteenth-century England, written respectively by a young French aristocrat and a German woman novelist.

ARE WILD ANIMALS ALARMED BY AIRCRAFT? HERDS IN FLIGHT.



A LARGE HERD OF PRONGBUCK IN WYOMING DISTURBED BY AN AEROPLANE: A BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE SWIFTEST OF LIVING QUADRUPEDS—THE AEROPLANE'S SHADOW SHOWING BLACK AGAINST THE HERD.

THE Acting Game Warden of Uganda, in his recent report, claims that the elephant herds of Uganda's uninhabited areas, continually disturbed by the passing of aeroplanes on the Imperial Airways route, are becoming ill at ease. He foreshadows the possibility that they may try to migrate into the more settled districts, in which case a drastic reduction in their numbers would become inevitable. On the two following pages the matter is further discussed. The prongbuck or pronghorn, illustrated on this and the opposite page, is peculiar to the plains of western North America, and is the sole existing representative of a family intermediate between deer and cattle. It is one of the swiftest quadrupeds in the world, and has been paced in a car at between fifty-five and sixty miles an hour.



ELEPHANTS IN A SWAMP: A LARGE HERD DISTURBED BY AN AEROPLANE IN THE SUDD COUNTRY OF SOUTH SUDAN—TERRITORY ADJACENT TO UGANDA, WHERE IT IS STATED THAT ELEPHANT HERDS ARE BECOMING RESTIVE THROUGH THE CONTINUAL PASSAGE OF AIRCRAFT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR ALAN COBHAM.

ARE WILD ANIMALS ALARMED BY AIRCRAFT? OSTRICHES AND BUCK IN FLIGHT BEFORE A LOW-FLYING 'PLANE.



WILD OSTRICHES IN THE KALAHARI DESERT PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: THE LARGEST OF EXISTING BIRDS, WHOSE PLUMAGE IS USELESS TO THEM FOR FLIGHT, BUT HELPS THEM TO RUN AT AMAZING SPEED, FAR QUICKER THAN ANY HORSE.



CAPE HARTBEEST PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A HEIGHT OF ABOUT TWENTY FEET: A BIG, UNGAINLY ANTELOPE, ONCE PLENTIFUL IN CAPE COLONY, BUT NOW CONFINED TO WESTERN AND NORTHERN PARTS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

As mentioned on the previous page, the recent report of the Acting Game Warden of Uganda raises the question whether the development of air routes constitutes a menace to elephants and other wild animals in the districts concerned. It is claimed that the vast Uganda elephant herds, hitherto living in districts uninhabited by man, may be driven, by the continual passing of aircraft, to migrate to the settled areas, where a big reduction in their numbers would necessarily follow. According to an article in "The

Times": "Until three years ago there was an annual mustering of majestic old bulls on the East Nile opposite Pachwach, but it has ceased now, and this is not to be accounted for by the amount of hunting which has taken place there. This year the wanderings of the main herd indicate that the unrest has spread inland. With the increasing use of this air route the elephants may become accustomed to the noise and ignore it, but as the trained elephants in the Belgian Congo cannot apparently accustom them-



GEMSBUCK, OR CAPE ORYX, RAISING THE DUST AS THEY FLEE BEFORE A LOW-FLYING AEROPLANE: A LARGE, GRACEFUL ANTELOPE WITH STRAIGHT HORNS PERHAPS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE UNICORN MYTH, IF A SPECIMEN WITH ONE HORN BROKEN OFF WAS SEEN BY A TRAVELLER LONG AGO.



THE EMBLEM OF THE UNION GALLOPING FROM THE ROAR OF THE MACHINE: A HERD OF SPRINGBUCK PHOTOGRAPHED AT CLOSE QUARTERS ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN WINDHOEK AND KIMBERLEY—WHERE THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE PAGES WERE ALSO TAKEN.

selves to the noise of motor-cars, the probability seems rather against elephants in Uganda ever learning to browse peacefully as the air mail passes overhead." To this it was objected, in a subsequent letter to "The Times," that if aeroplanes are flown at a normal height of, say, 2000 feet, neither elephants nor other wild animals are likely to be alarmed: only if a big machine passes low over their heads or manoeuvres to take photographs will the animals take fright. (It has not been suggested that even this

procedure, if not made a habit but indulged in only occasionally, is likely to have any lasting ill effect.) In this connection it is interesting to recall that we published on July 18, 1931, photographs of a herd of wildebeest taken from the air. Herr Udet, who was in the machine, commented then: "The wildebeests' excitement did not last long. After we had flown over they took no further notice and grazed peacefully." It may be added that the photographs prove that aeroplanes to have been flying very low.

THE ROMANCE OF TOBACCO, AND THE HOUSE OF WILLS.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT. (See Illustrations on three succeeding pages.)



MR. H. O. WILLS (1761-1826),
WHO FOUNDED THE BUSINESS
ABOUT 1787.

Tobacco Factory in order to see all they can.

Many of these are curious, no doubt, to follow through all the processes of a vast modern tobacco manufacture from the time the raw leaf enters the building from the Bonded Warehouse in huge casks until it emerges finally in the guise of Gold Flake Cigarettes, or Woodbines, or Capstan Navy Cut, or cigars, or whatever it is undergoing innumerable stages, manipulated by deft fingers, until at last we receive it in pretty labelled tins, boxes, or packets. Others are more interested in the human aspect: the staff, the smiling and unusually pretty girls for which Bristol is famed—distinguished by different coloured overalls of becoming design. At any rate, you may see on any working day personally conducted parties of visitors in the charge of guides who are led through workroom after workroom, and are initiated into the mysteries of one of our greatest and most thriving trades.

Among distinguished visitors who have seen Wills's factory at work are their Majesties the King and Queen. I believe they were not least interested in the firm's portrait gallery. I do not mean the portraits of the first H. O. Wills, who founded the tobacco fortunes of the family about 1787 (which has since numbered several peerages and baronetcies), or his descendants, but oil paintings of all their employees, men and women, who had served the firm for forty years. Everyone with that length of service had his or her portrait painted in oils, with their name in gilt letters panelled on the frame to preserve the memory of their loyalty to the firm. There are galleries of such portraits! And who will say that the romance of trade does not exist when a firm will spend thousands of pounds to preserve for posterity the features of their workpeople who served them well? The family portraits of the House of Wills which hang in the richly furnished vestibule of the offices reveal genial and urbane likenesses of the forebears of the present generation, and go a long way to explain the great success of the firm for so long leaders in this important industry.

As far as can be ascertained the original H. O. Wills, a member of a Salisbury family, started making tobacco in 1787 or 1788, at Bristol. Odd as it may seem to us to-day, tobacco had been smoked in this country for just upon two hundred years even in that now distant era. Indeed, about

well into Victoria's reign. Ladies took snuff as well as the King, the Court, and the Church. Thirty years before Cowper's lament two young ladies were robbed by a highwayman who deprived them of two silver snuff-boxes. Earlier still, Defoe tells of how his servant-maid took her snuff "with the air of a duchess." Bristol in the middle of the eighteenth century was going strong in snuff manufacture, for there were over a dozen mills at work.

Bristol, then the greatest port in England, was the magnet which attracted the first Wills to tobacco manufacture. Its trade with the American colonies brought it into contact with tobacco from the first, though the

Beau Nash prohibited its use in the Gambling Rooms of Bath, by the time the House of Wills was firmly established, cartoonists represented the streets as full of tobacco smoke from pipes and cigars.

Bristol, as I have

said, was early in the market. About 1600 pirates or gangsters of the day seized a ship belonging to a Bristol merchant and sent her to sea as a privateer, naming her *The Tobacco Pipe*. In those days the middle classes smoked pipes with small bowls made of walnut shell through a straw, but silver pipes were smoked by the gentry, who passed them round from man to man at a "stag party" of the period. Tobacco then sold for its weight in silver, and very soon Governments set to work to tax it, a habit they have never forgotten.

The history of tobacco is, therefore, closely wrapped up with that of the House of Wills, who will soon commemorate 150 years of manufacturing under their own name. True, in those long years, they saw many changes, being mixed up with others in the trade, although always with a Wills to the fore, until in 1847 the old name of W. D. and H. O. Wills was resumed. It is a name inseparable from Bristol in all great works of civic importance, while few with a genuine appeal for their aid are turned empty away.

I am not going to describe in detail the process of manufacture of their tobaccos, but Mr. Steven Spurrier, the well-known artist, who visited their works with me, has given a pictorial story of the various processes; and a firm which, after nearly 150 years of competition, has waxed stronger and stronger, is evidently possessed of business acumen of no mean quality. It is often complained that to-day we live in a mechanical age, and that the human element counts less and less. I should like to put this question to the directors of Messrs. Wills, and feel very confident that, despite the perfection of their machines—such as a cigarette machine that turns out thousands of cigarettes per hour—they would treat such a contention with utter contumely. They make a tremendous study of the human element. You see as a result thousands of employees, men and women, who are pleasant and contented workers, and who are well aware that their personal welfare is an important interest to their employers. There is no formality when they want to approach their chiefs on a personal matter. They are invited into the Service Director's room and get it straightened out, for he acts as Paterfamilias to them all, and, in fact, knows most of them by their Christian names. It is not surprising that a firm which looks after the human side of its business as do Messrs. Wills, not only in their working hours, but



AN UNUSUALLY INTRICATE PIPE (LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).
All the pipes here illustrated are from the private collection of Mr. T. Thornton Wills, which is at present on loan at the Bristol Art Gallery.

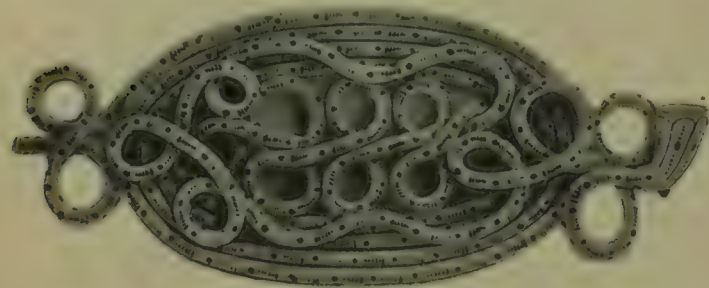


NO. 112, REDCLIFFE STREET, BRISTOL, ABOUT 1850.

In 1791 the firms of Wilson and Lilly, of 112, Redcliffe Street, Bristol, and H. O. Wills and Co., of 73, Castle Street, were amalgamated under the name of Lilly, Wills and Co. In 1793 the name was changed to Lilly and Wills, the address being 112, Redcliffe Street.

earliest mention concerns Plymouth. To that famous port sailed Sir Francis Drake and Captain Ralph Lane in 1586, fresh from their exploits on the Spanish Main,

contumely. They make a tremendous study of the human element. You see as a result thousands of employees, men and women, who are pleasant and contented workers, and who are well aware that their personal welfare is an important interest to their employers. There is no formality when they want to approach their chiefs on a personal matter. They are invited into the Service Director's room and get it straightened out, for he acts as Paterfamilias to them all, and, in fact, knows most of them by their Christian names. It is not surprising that a firm which looks after the human side of its business as do Messrs. Wills, not only in their working hours, but



A PIPE OF INTRICATE PATTERN.

the time the first Wills of Bristol was setting up in business, the poet Cowper wrote these lines—

Says the pipe to the snuff-box, I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

Allowing for poetic license, it would seem that in those days the fashion was to take snuff, and the smoking of pipes was regarded as vulgar, a vogue which lasted



A STAFFORDSHIRE "HEART-IN-HAND" PIPE.

when Lane astonished everyone by puffing "fire" from a pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh a little later equally staggered the villagers of Iron Acton by "blowing a cloud" of tobacco smoke in the garden of Sir Robert Poyntz; and there is also the story of his servant, who, seeing him puff a cloud of smoke, thought he was on fire and emptied a tankard of good ale over his head. The use of tobacco for smoking soon invited violent opposition. James I. wrote his famous "Counterblaste to Tobacco" (or Bacon did for him) and Popes fulminated Bulls against it. However, its popularity spread to such an extent that, although



STAFFORDSHIRE "SNAKE" PIPES.

also in their leisure, reap the benefit of a loyal and contented staff. And that, undoubtedly, is one of the greatest assets in business which capital alone cannot purchase.

The human element governs the machinery, and will continue to do so despite all the complaints of how the Robot is ousting the man. A contented and happy staff, wedded to the latest inventive devices, is the royal road to success, and Messrs. Wills of Bristol flourish accordingly because they practise it.

TOBACCO-MAKING: FIRST PROCESSES WITH "THE FRAGRANT WEED."



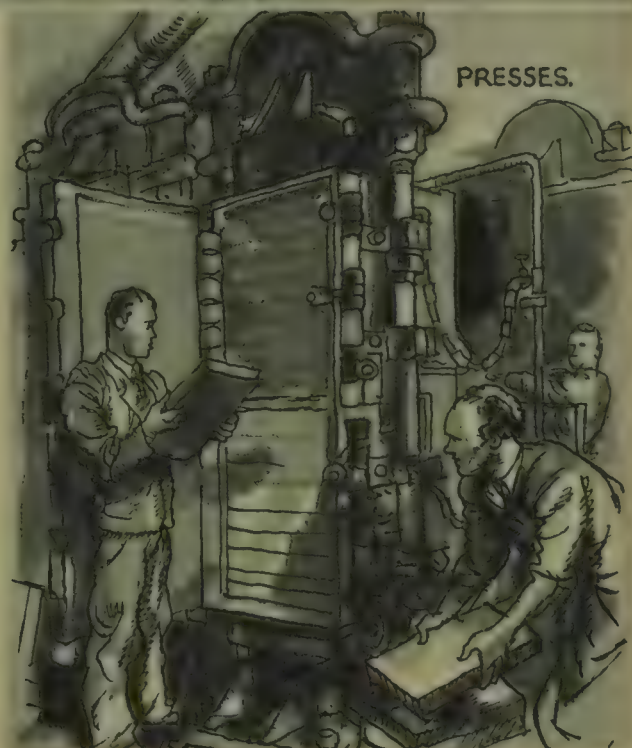
WEIGHING.



MOISTENING.

TESTING THE
WET LEAVES.

OVER twenty thousand persons annually are conducted over the great tobacco factory of Messrs. Wills, in Bristol. It is one of the acknowledged attractions of that ancient and busy city, and Messrs. Wills themselves, far from objecting to such intrusion, maintain a staff of specially trained young women who conduct the visitors singly or in groups, as the case may be, and show them all the various processes of tobacco, cigarette, and cigar manufacture, from the time when vast casks of raw tobacco enter the building, from the Bonded Warehouse, until finally they emerge in their completed form as one or another of the various famous brands of tobaccos, cigarettes, or cigars, in their labelled boxes, tins, or packets, bearing the renowned name of Wills. Our artist, on this page and the two following, has depicted several features of the manufacture. First there is the testing of the leaves by experts; then the weighing of the quantity needed for an "operation"; then the moistening to enable the stalks to be extracted by the deft fingers of hundreds of girls, while others proceed to spin twist, or make cigarettes, and so on. The girls are well paid and invariably cheerful.

ROLLING
TWIST.SPINNING
TWIST.

PRESSES.

TESTING THE LEAVES, WEIGHING, MOISTENING, AND SO ON: SCENES IN THE WILLS FACTORY AT BRISTOL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE AND ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES.)

THE ROMANCE OF TOBACCO: A GREAT INDUSTRY THAT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.

SURVIVED DENUNCIATION BY PAPAL BULLS AND JAMES I.

(SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 172 AND ILLUSTRATIONS FACING IT.)

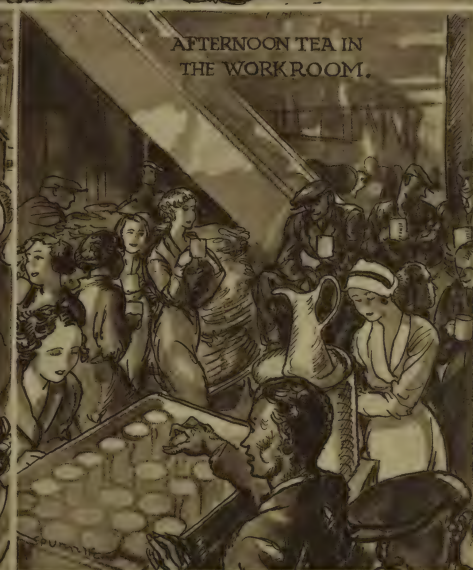
VISITORS.

THE House of Wills is nearing its 150th year in the business of manufacturing tobacco, but tobacco had been in use actually for about two hundred years previous to that. Capt. Ralph Lane, in 1586, fresh from the Spanish Main, astonished the good men of Plymouth by puffing "fire" from a pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's servant is said to have poured a can of ale over his head because when he puffed a cloud of smoke the man thought he was on fire. James I. and some of the Popes fulminated against smoking. Beau Nash, in his zenith, forbade the use of tobacco in Bath. Despite such vicissitudes, tobacco made progress, and is to-day one of our greatest staple trades. These drawings were specially executed at the Bristol Factory of Messrs. Wills, a branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company.


TOBACCO PACKING.

STALKS.

CIGAR MAKING.

VISITORS BEING SHOWN THE CIGARETTE MACHINES.

AFTERNOON TEA IN THE WORKROOM.

IN THE HOME OF WILLS'S "GOLD FLAKE": WORK IN PROGRESS. UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS IN THE FAMOUS BRISTOL TOBACCO FACTORY, VISITED ANNUALLY BY OVER 20,000 PEOPLE.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE CRESTED RAT: AN ORIGINAL AMONG RODENTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

QUITE recently there came to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London a specimen of the "crested rat" (*Lophiomys ibeanus*), from Kenya, the first ever to be seen in the Gardens, and, I believe, the second only ever seen in captivity. The term "rat" seems hardly appropriate, as a glance at the accompanying photograph will show. It has, indeed, been likened to a badger, but the

Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford, than anywhere else in Europe.

But let me return to the crested rat. Of its habits and haunts in a wild state I can discover no records. The general appearance and coloration are shown in Fig. 3. But what does not appear is that there is a narrow band of hair, very short, and quite different in texture, running down the body on each side immediately below the long hair which forms a crest along the back—hence the name "crested" rat. During life, the longer hairs conceal this band. But more than this. The band of short hair conceals, in its turn, a series of gland-openings, terminating over the hind-leg. These glands, doubtless, exude a characteristic odour, whereby the sexes find one another. This inference is justified, for we do not find such structures to be functionless. In support thereof, many similar cases may be cited. Thus, the pecary of South America—a small species of wild-pig—bears on its back two swollen glands which diffuse an odour of musk. The two species of so-called musk-rats of India (*Crocidura*) can liberate, apparently at will, or when alarmed, a much more powerful smell of musk from glands just behind the fore-leg. Of these two,

one—*C. carulea*—has, like the house-mouse, elected to foist itself on man. It is not unwelcome, since, at nightfall, it hunts around for cockroaches and other insects, celebrating its captures with a sharp, shrill cry. But there are drawbacks to this tenancy, for the odour of musk they occasionally discharge is very penetrating and almost overpowering. It is popularly believed in India that if the animal runs over a corked bottle of wine or beer, it will make the contents of that bottle undrinkable. The famous naturalist Jerdon, however, dissents from this. He says he has certainly

way in through the glass, but from the corks, which had been infected previous to the bottling, for the odour was never found in liquor bottled in England.

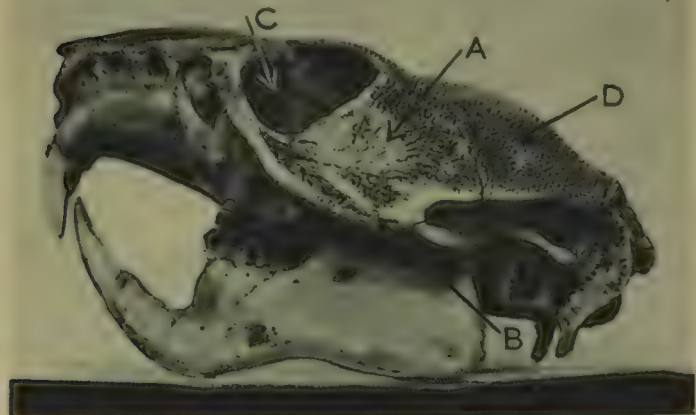
Why is it that so many animals, of widely different species, give off an odour of musk? The musk-rat, which is now menacing us here in England, the giraffe, the musk-deer, the musk-ox, the hoatzin among the birds, and the alligator are among the best-known cases of this kind. In the musk-deer this scent is formed in a pouch on the abdomen as big as an orange, and contains a substance resembling moist gingerbread. Unfortunately for its possessor, a price is put on its head for the sake of this pouch, which furnishes most of the musk of perfumery, after being properly diluted and prepared. There are yet two other interesting facts about the crested rat which must have a place here, though but one of these could have been discovered in the living animal.

Of the two specimens sent to the "Zoo," one was

a female. And during the night after her arrival, she gave birth to a young one. But more than this. Its body was covered with fur. In all other rodents known to us, the young are born naked, and the number is always relatively considerable. The chances of this item in the life-history of the animal being discovered in the wilds were remote indeed. The other point concerns two most remarkable features in the skull, for which no explanation is forthcoming. Briefly, as may be seen in Fig. 2, the whole surface is roughened by small bony papillæ, or granulations. What function can they possibly serve? The only approach to this is found in that remarkable rodent, the paca, concerning which I want to say something on another occasion.

But there is a yet further peculiarity found in no other known mam-

malian skulls, a bony bar—the quadrato-jugal bar—runs out on each side of the skull from above the aperture of the ear, to end, eventually, at the front border of the eye-socket. In the crested rat, the hinder portion of this area is roofed over by bone, so that the eye-socket is here sharply defined, and this will be seen even more clearly in Fig. 1, where the normal quadrato-jugal bar above the ear aperture is plainly indicated, and the roofing bone above it. Here is a state of affairs so far unexplained. It is suggested, however, that this roofing-bone is not really a flange developed from what is known as the parietal bone, but a bony plate derived from the skin. This point, however, can be set at rest only by the examination of embryos, or perhaps newly-born young. Even supposing that material will be forthcoming to show the truth of this suggestion, we should still be at a loss to account for its presence. The granulations on the skull, which extend, by the way, to the atlas bone, seem to indicate what we may call a diathesis for the formation of bony tissue in excess of what is needed to build up the skull itself. And the further deposition of bone in the skin covering the temporal region may well be closely linked with this tendency to develop bony tissue in excess of what is really necessary.

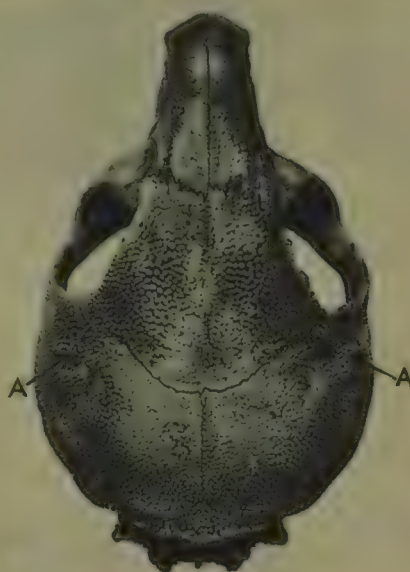


1. THE SKULL OF THE CRESTED RAT SEEN FROM THE SIDE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BROAD FLAT OUTGROWTH (A) RUNNING FROM ABOVE THE BONY QUADRATO-JUGAL ARCH (B) TO THE EYE-SOCKET (C).

This outgrowth meets a similar but smaller outgrowth from the parietal bone (D). In no other skull is this roofing-over of what is known as the temporal fossa ever found. It is suggested in the article on this page that this is not really an outward flange developed from the parietal bone, but a bony plate derived from the skin. The bony papillæ are conspicuous.

long tail spoils that comparison. I should prefer to call it the crested "night-farer," since it sleeps by day. The only excuse for the use of the word "rat" is that both are rodents, and have teeth of the same type. Though first described by Milne-Edwards in 1867, there are but few specimens in the world's museums. This is due partly, no doubt, to the fact that, till the last few years, Kenya was an untouched hunting-ground by white men. But when sportsmen and collectors began its exploration, they could only by rare chance have an opportunity of encountering this animal. Its nocturnal habits form an efficient safeguard, and additional protection is afforded by the fact that it is arboreal and, for a night-walker, concealingly coloured. We all know the difficulty of finding animals in trees by daylight; and under the cover of darkness, so long as they remain still, discovery is well-nigh impossible. These are not the only reasons explaining its rarity, for it may be one of those species whose numbers, for some unexplained reason, are always few.

There are other cases of animals which have been seldom seen by civilised men. A notable instance is that afforded by the Houtia (*Dinomys branicki*). For long years the only known specimen was that found at daybreak wandering about a courtyard in Peru. None of the inhabitants had ever seen its like before. And from that day, till a year or two ago, not another was seen. Then two came to the Zoological Gardens, creating among zoologists no small sensation. Père David's deer is another. To this day its haunts, in a wild state, are unknown, and it is inferred that, as a wild animal, it has been exterminated. To-day, a few exist in zoological gardens and private collections, derived from the now derelict hunting-park near Pekin of the Chinese Emperors. Here, when the French missionary, Père Armand David, peeped over the wall surrounding this enormous park, he saw herds of this remarkable animal. To-day, probably, more will be found at



2. THE PECULIAR SKULL OF THE CRESTED RAT, SEEN FROM ABOVE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE BONY EXTENSIONS OUTWARDS FROM THE PARIETAL BONES (A), WHICH EXTEND FORWARD SO AS SHARPLY TO DEFINE THE EYE-SOCKETS, AND THE BONY GRANULATIONS, OR PAPPILLÆ, ON THE SURFACE OF THE BONES.



3. A RARE NOCTURNAL ANIMAL FROM KENYA, WHICH HAS HARDLY EVER BEEN SEEN BY A WHITE MAN IN ITS NATURAL CONDITIONS, BUT IS NOW SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLED AT THE LONDON "ZOO": THE CRESTED RAT (*LOPHIOMYS IBEANUS*), SHOWING THE BAND OF SHORT DARK HAIR (BELOW THE CREST, A, A), WHICH CONCEALS GLANDS PRODUCING A CHARACTERISTIC ODOUR.

This extremely rare animal, now to be seen for the first time in this country in a living state, presents many most unusual features. It is, so far as is known, unique among the rodents in producing but one young one at a birth. And the young is again peculiar in being covered with fur from the first.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

found that many bottles on being opened are found undrinkable from the peculiar musky flavour of their contents, but this unpleasant odour did not find its

"THAT LOFTIE PLACE AT PLIMMOUTH CALLED THE HOE" AS A GRANDSTAND.



DURING THE PLYMOUTH DIVING ASSOCIATION'S COMPETITIONS IN THE CIVIC WEEK: THE "GALLERY" ON THE SLOPES OF THE HOE.—ABOVE THEM, SMEATON'S CANDLE-LIT EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

In his great topographical poem, the "Polyolbion," Michael Drayton wrote of a fight between the giants Corinæus and Gogmagog "upon that loftie place at Plimmouth called the Hoe." The modern visitor to the Hoe cannot expect to witness the like! But the Hoe provides him with endless pleasures of another sort, whether he be promenading, sight-seeing, at play or resting. The Plymouth Civic Week, which ended on July 22, with fireworks for fifty thousand, proved this once again. The special attractions on it and about it were many, and among the most popular was the diving under the auspices of the Plymouth Diving Association, which, as our photograph shows, drew many to the slopes of the Hoe, which formed a first-rate grandstand. As to the Hoe itself, we may quote a few lines from Ward, Lock's excellent "Plymouth": "When Drake and his companions-in-arms were engaged in the historic game of bowls, which even the arrival of the Armada could not interrupt, the Hoe was, as now, a

green hill upon which the inhabitants assembled for recreation. Here were the butts for the practice of archery, a watch-house and a beacon to signal the approach of an enemy, and a windmill. It was on the Hoe that the ancients of Plymouth assembled in times of danger or of agitation, and here the gallows were erected when capital punishment had to be meted out." And we may add—from the same authority—with regard to Smeaton's lighthouse: "After braving wind and wave on the Eddystone rock for a hundred and twenty years, Smeaton's massive building was found to have been undermined by the sea, and was superseded by a new tower on an adjoining portion of the reef. The old structure was taken down stone by stone and re-erected on the Hoe as a lasting memorial of a man whose genius conferred a great boon on the seamen. In the lantern are the candlesticks which held the lights which in the early days of its history threw their gleam over the stormy waters of the Channel."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



PAUNTLEY COURT, NEWENT, THE PURCHASE OF WHICH THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IS CONSIDERING: A FINE OLD BUILDING THAT IS BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN DICK WHITTINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "The Gloucestershire County Council propose to purchase Pauntley Court, near Newent, Gloucestershire, and turn it into a home for young wayfarers. Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, is stated to be interested in the scheme, and it is understood that he is making an appeal for funds. Pauntley Court is supposed to have been the birthplace of Dick Whittington."



AN INTERESTING WAY OF COMMEMORATING A GREAT MAN: A WAXWORK FIGURE OF WILBERFORCE IN THE WILBERFORCE CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT HULL.

The Wilberforce Centenary Exhibition at Hull includes a waxwork figure of the great emancipator of slaves arranged and presented to the city by Mme. Tussaud's, of London. The figure has been modelled after the well-known portrait by George Richmond and is set in a replica of Wilberforce's room. In our photograph are seen (l. to r.) the Lady Mayoress of Hull, Lady Illingworth, the Lord Mayor of Hull, and Lord Illingworth.



THE LONDON SCOTTISH ROUTE MARCH IN SCOTLAND: TROOPS LEAVING AFTER A SERVICE AT DUNKELD CATHEDRAL.

The London Scottish undertook their annual route march in Scotland again this year, and on July 23 the first week of it was completed. On that day the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men engaged attended Divine service at historic Dunkeld Cathedral; and some are here seen filing through a part of the ruins of that magnificent old building, the Choir of which came into use some years ago as the Parish Church.



A FRENCH FISHING-LUGGER ARRESTED BY A BRITISH FISHERY PROTECTION CRUISER: A DRAMATIC CAPTURE.

On the evening of July 19 a British cruiser arrested a French fishing-vessel within the three-mile limit off Hastings. The Hastings fishermen, it is said, were particularly pleased at the capture, since it had been publicly declared that this French alleged poacher was nothing but a figment of their imagination. The cruiser managed to manoeuvre near under cover of a bank of fog.



ONE OF THE TWO HEAVIEST TUSKS KNOWN JOINING ITS FELLOW IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

The Natural History Museum has purchased an exceptionally fine elephant tusk, weighing about 214 lb., which belonged to an elephant killed by an Arab in the Kilimanjaro district many years ago. The other tusk, which weighs over ten pounds more, has been in the Museum since 1901. They are believed to be the heaviest tusks known, though not the longest.



GOODWOOD. THE GREATEST OF "COUNTRY HOUSE" MEETINGS: PULLING UP ON THE HILL AFTER THE FINISH OF THE FIRST RACE ON THE FIRST DAY; WON BY SIR HENRY LYONS'S HAT GUARD.

The Goodwood Meeting began on Tuesday, July 25. For the first time, the "Tote" was in evidence and mechanical betting possible. To be precise, we should say that it was in evidence five times over; for it is represented by five buildings. These are the structures illustrated; one in the silver ring and another in the half-crown ring; a fourth on Trundle Hill, set in the hillside; and a fifth in the paddock, for the benefit of holders of paddock-badges from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's stand, Tattersall's enclosure, and the Grandstand. All have been so placed as to interfere as little as possible with the beauties of the natural setting of the course. The Charlton Welter Handicap, the first race of the first day, was won by Sir H. Lyons's Hat Guard, E. Smith up. Tom Tit III., S. Wragg up, was second. Ole King Sole, S. Donoghue up, was third. The Stewards' Cup was won by Captain A. S. Wills's Pharos, F. Fox up.



A NEW FEATURE OF GOODWOOD: THE "TOTE" ON THE LAWN, WHICH ALSO SERVES AS A PUBLIC STAND AND HAS BEEN BUILT INTO THE BANK, IN ORDER TO SAVE SPACE AND PRESERVE APPEARANCES.

THE KING OPENING THE WORLD'S LARGEST DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.



1. THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE NEW DOCK ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 26: THE ROYAL YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD, BREAKING WITH HER BOWS THE RIBBON STRETCHED ACROSS THE ENTRANCE.

2. AN AIR VIEW OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" AS SHE ENTERED THE DOCK, WHICH THE KING NAMED "THE KING GEORGE V. GRAVING DOCK."

The King, accompanied by the Queen and by the Duke and Duchess of York, opened the Southern Railway's new dry dock at Southampton on July 26. The Royal party sailed from Cowes up Southampton Water in the "Victoria and Albert," whose bows broke a ribbon stretched across the entrance of the dock. The Royal Yacht then proceeded to the quayside; and, after his Majesty had formally declared the dock open and named it, the Queen "christened" it with a cup of Empire wine. Their Majesties thereafter returned to Cowes.

The new dry dock is an integral part of the vast £13,000,000 dock extension scheme not yet completed, and, though designed to hold the new Cunarder on which work was stopped, was proceeded with by the Southern Railway. It is a wonderful engineering feat, capable of holding 260,000 tons of water and of taking a vessel of 100,000 tons. It is 1200 ft. long and 135 ft. wide. Over 1,250,000 cubic yards of material were excavated from its site, and 450,000 cubic yards of concrete were used in constructing the floor and walls.

THE END OF THE ALHAMBRA; THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW CENTURY: A GREAT LEICESTER SQUARE ENTERPRISE.

A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY D. MACPHERSON—BASED ON THE PLANS OF THE ARCHITECT, MR. E. A. STONE, F.S.I., AND PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF LEICESTER SQUARE NEW CENTURY, LTD., 15, BERNLEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.



A PALATIAL CASINO IN PLACE OF A WORLD-FAMOUS HOME OF BALLET—WITH "REAL WAVES" SURF-SWIMMING, SOLARIUM, TYROLESE BEER-GARDEN, SPORTS STADIUM, GYMNASIUM, ALL-NATIONS RESTAURANTS AND DANCE HALL: THE NEW CENTURY, WHICH IS TO ARISE ON THE ALHAMBRA SITE.

That world-famous entertainment resort, the Alhambra Theatre, for so many years a feature of Leicester Square and Charing Cross Road and thus in the very heart of London, will soon have seen its last ballets, its last films, its last variety bills and revues. A landmark is going; but another is to take its place—"The New Century," an enterprise which, as the result of the expenditure of somewhere about £800,000, is designed to be the envy of the European capitals. It is proposed to offer to the pleasure-seeker

not the fare for which he was wont to look, but a continuous programme of entertainment, including music, and to provide restaurants whose prices will be popular, together with such amenities as a Tyrolese village and beer-garden, with music, cabaret and refreshments at tables and at bars; a dance hall for two thousand people, which will be convertible into a sports stadium, a concert-room or a reception-hall; a solarium; a gymnasium; a roof-garden; and a swimming-pool with a "surf" of "real waves" created

by the most ingenious machinery. The solarium, the gymnasium, the roof-garden and the swimming-pool will be at the top of the building, and matters will be so arranged that the glass sides and roof can be opened in fine weather and closed in bad weather, when there will be heating, so that natural and artificial sun-bathing, physical culture and gymnastics in general, and bathing and swimming will be available throughout the year. As to the restaurants, the biggest of these will be The Garden, which, although

its charges are to be reasonable, will present a very definite scene of luxury and refinement. The Tyrolese village and beer-garden explain themselves. The Restaurants of All Nations will be four, each for 250 diners. At first meals will be served in the Caucasian, Viennese, Persian, and Spanish manners, but changes will be made from time to time. In addition to the attraction of national dishes, there will be appropriate surroundings, costumes, and music. Thus does modernity lord it over memories.



WAR-SHIPS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET VISITING VENICE: SUBMARINES AND A DESTROYER MINESWEEPER OFF THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

As is usual in summer, a number of British warships of the Mediterranean Fleet have visited Venice. Earlier in the month, Venice was struck by a seventy-mile-an-hour gale, which caused an unusually rough sea and did considerable damage. H.M.S. "Resource," a repair-ship, and a British destroyer broke loose from their moorings, but were secured without mishap—though it took some time to bring the 12,300-ton "Resource" to the centre of St. Mark's Basin.



ST. BARBARA WITH A CANNON BALL: THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT "TREASURE OF THE WEIR."

The figure of St. Barbara is a splendid example of the earlier type of alabaster standing figure, dating perhaps from the end of the fourteenth century. It still retains much of its original colour, and shows the saint with her lower, and in addition, a cannon ball—her emblem as the patron saint of Artillerymen.



YACHT-RACING REPRODUCED ON SHORE: A CHART OF THE COURSE AND MODELS OF THE BOATS FOR THE PUBLIC TO FOLLOW THE MOVEMENTS OF EACH.

At the tenth annual Bournemouth Regatta, held on July 21, an interesting attempt was made to allow the public to follow the movements of the big yachts on a specially constructed chart. Our photographer shows Mr. G. H. Henthorn, the Assistant Hon. Secretary, pointing out, by means of models, the positions of the yachts to an interested gallery. The four big cutters, whose race is shown in miniature on the chart, were, as usual, the "King's Britannia," "Mr. W. L. Stephenson's 'Vehedra,'" "Mr. Hugh F. Paul's 'Astra,'" and "Mr. T. O. M. Sorell's 'Shamrock V.'" "Britannia" won a risky race, with "Astra" second.

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF NOTABLE EVENTS AT



A BRITISH TRAINING-SHIP VISITS KIEL: H.M.S. "FROBISHER" MOORED CLOSE TO GERMAN WARSHIPS.

H.M.S. "Frobisher," the British sea-going training-ship for Naval Cadets, which has been making a Baltic tour, arrived at Kiel on July 21. She is, of course, a cruiser, built under the Emergency War Programme and a sister ship of the "Edinburgh" and "Hawkins." Her visit to Kiel created considerable interest. She is here seen moored not far from one of the remarkable new German cruisers; while farther off are seen two old battle-ships.



GREAT BRITAIN BEATS THE UNITED STATES IN THE INTER-ZONE FINAL FOR THE DAVIS CUP: W. ALLISON (U.S.A.) (LEFT) AND F. J. PERRY, WHO WON.



THE SENSATIONAL END TO THE MATCH BETWEEN VINES AND THE FIFTH SET, WHEN PERRY REBLED PERRY: VINES LYING ON THE GROUND AFTER COLLAPSING IN ONE POINT FOR THE MATCH.



THE FIRST MATCH OF THE INTER-ZONE FINAL FOR THE DAVIS CUP AT AUFUEIL: AUSTIN (RIGHT) WINNING AGAINST

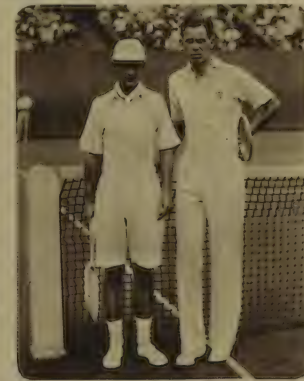
6-1, 6-1, 6-4. The Doubles went to America, G. M. Lott and J. van Ryn beating Perry and Hughes by 6-3, 6-4, 6-1. On July 23, Austin beat Allison by 6-2, 7-9, 6-3, 6-4; and Perry reached match-point against Vines at 1-6, 6-0, 4-6, 7-5, 7-6, when the latter collapsed. He was carried from the court, but recovered soon afterwards.

HAPPENINGS OF THE MOMENT: HOME AND ABROAD.



THE FIRE ON SOUTHPORT PIER: A SECTION OF THE PIER BURNING FIERCELY AFTER A CONCERT PAVILION HAD BEEN SEVERELY DAMAGED.

A fire broke out on Southport pier on July 24, and, as the result of it, a concert pavilion was severely damaged. The pier is one of the longest in the country—in fact, it runs out into the sea for nearly a mile—and this made the problem of fighting the fire a somewhat difficult one. Fortunately, no one was on the pier at the time. It was stated that measures to reopen the pier were being taken.



THE GREATEST WIN OF AUSTIN'S CAREER, WHICH LAID THE FOUNDATION FOR A BRITISH VICTORY: H. W. AUSTIN (LEFT) AND H. E. VINES (U.S.A.) BEFORE THEIR MATCH.



MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT INSPECTS THE ETON COLLEGE O.T.C.: A CONTINGENT WHICH WILL NOT ATTEND CAMP, ON ACCOUNT OF AN OUTBREAK OF MUMPS.

The O.T.C. at Eton was inspected by Major-General Grant (General Officer Commanding, London District) on July 22. Subsequently, our readers may remember, Lt.-Col. P. H. G. Hartley, commander-in-chief of the O.T.C., issued the following order: "Owing to the further outbreak of mumps, the contingent will not attend camp." The contingent was to have gone into camp at Farnham, near Aldershot. It is not out of place to note here that Capt. A. E. Harman, a member of the O.T.C., who reached the King's Handicap, has won the Drinkwater Cup and also the Subscription Cup.



A SURVEY FLIGHT OVER THE ENGLAND-AUSTRALIA ROUTE: THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS MONOPLANE "ASTRA" WELCOMED AT SYDNEY.

The arrival at Sydney of the "Astrea" after her survey flight from Karachi was greeted at the Mascot Aerodrome by a large crowd. The flight heralds the opening of an air service between London and Sydney. Arrangements have already been made for the extension of the India air-mail route to Rangoon, and the service leaving London on September 23 should arrive there on October 1. Thereafter mail services between London and Rangoon are to operate weekly in either direction.



WILBERFORCE'S CENTENARY IN HULL: THE LORD MAYOR LAYS A WREATH AT WILBERFORCE'S STATUE.

The opening phases of the centenary commemoration of the death of William Wilberforce, the emancipator of slaves within the British Possessions, took place in Hull on July 23. A civil procession was formed and the Lord Mayor of Hull placed a wreath at the foot of Wilberforce's statue.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MRS. CHARLES BORRETT.

Appointed an Announcer at Broadcasting House. She is the first woman to hold such a post in this country. In other countries there are a number of women Announcers. She is the wife of a naval officer.



MR. C. SARGEANT JAGGER, A.R.A.

Awarded medal of Royal Society of British Sculptors for the best work of the year exhibited in London by a British sculptor; for stone groups at Imperial Chemical House. Did the Royal Artillery Memorial, Hyde Park Corner.



SIR EMERY WALKER.

Typographical expert and antiquary. Died July 22; aged eighty-two. For many years carried on process-engraving and other book illustration. Co-operated in the Kelmscott Press. Responsible for much in good modern type design.



GENERAL SIR W. BRAITHWAITE.

It was announced on July 22 that General Sir Walter Pipon Braithwaite, G.C.B., had been appointed Bath King of Arms, in the room of Sir William Christopher Pakenham, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., resigned.



OFFICER-CADET C.S.-M. D. E. WOODS, THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY, BEING CHAIRED.

Officer-Cadet C.S.-M. D. E. Woods, a young research worker in biochemistry at Nottingham University, won the King's Prize of £250, a gold medal and a gold badge, at Bisley on July 22, with a score of 287 out of 300 points. This, though below the record, was a remarkably good performance, considering the conditions of wind and light prevailing.



MARSHAL CHANG-HSUEH-LIANG IN ENGLAND; WITH HIS TWO SONS.

Marshal Chang-Hsueh-Liang, formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese forces in Northern China, visited England in the course of a European tour. Marshal Chang is only thirty-five. It was stated that his two sons, Raymond and Martin, would be sent to Cambridge.



A RECORD DOUBLE CHANNEL-CROSSING BY MOTOR-BOAT: MR. ANGUS MILLER (AT WHEEL), WHO MADE A TIME OF 1 HR. 45 SEC.

The double crossing of the Channel between Dover and Calais was made in the record time of 1 hr. 45 sec., by Mr. Angus Miller, an ex-Naval officer, on July 19, in his motor-boat "White Cloud II," which formerly belonged to Sir Henry Segrave. The boat has been fitted with a 450-h.p. Napier-Lion engine. He was accompanied by Major F. Maitland-Dougall, who acted as timekeeper.



C. BUCKHAM.

South African jockey, who, from last spring, rode with much success in this country. Killed in a motor-car smash when returning home from the racing at Hurst Park on July 22.



THE DEDICATION OF THE MASONIC PEACE MEMORIAL: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (GRAND MASTER) GREETED BY SIR COLVILLE SMITH (GRAND SECRETARY).

The Masonic Peace Memorial, in Great Queen Street, W.C. (illustrated in our last issue), was dedicated on July 19. The Duke of Connaught, Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England, performed the dedication of the Temple with impressive ritual. Six thousand Freemasons from all parts of the world assembled for the event; including the Prince of Wales, Prince George, the Duke of York, and Prince Arthur of Connaught.



MR. WILEY POST, WHO MADE THE RECORD ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT; WITH HIS WIFE.

Mr. Wiley Post completed his flight round the world at the Floyd Bennett field, New York, on July 22. He had flown 15,596 miles, with only ten stops, in 7 days 18 hours 47 minutes, and so had beaten by 21 hours 11 minutes the record established by himself and Mr. Harold Gatty in 1931. He is thus the first man to fly round the world alone; and the first to have flown round it twice.



LORD BURNHAM.

Viscount Burnham, formerly proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," died on July 20; aged seventy. He was the third in successive generations of the Lawsons to own the great newspaper. In 1928, feeling that the control of the paper, added to his duties on the Indian Commission, would be beyond his strength, he sold the "Telegraph" to its present proprietors. He became a Liberal M.P. in 1885; and a Unionist M.P. in 1905.



AFTER THEIR SURVEY OF THE ROUTE FROM LONDON TO ISTANBUL: MR. BRADLEY WITH HIS DAUGHTER.

A 5000-miles survey of the International Highway from London to Istanbul, Turkey, has been completed for the Automobile Association by Mr. W. F. Bradley, who returned to London on July 21. Driving a British Siddeley Special car, he passed through France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Turkey. He found that in places the road needed modernising, but that the Hungarian Government was engaged in making its section of this route into "the finest highway in the world."

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE
DIRECTOR OF THE
FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE.

MR. S. C. COCKERELL, who is Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, thus describes the Manuscript reproduced here: "It would be difficult to find an English literary manuscript that would give a greater thrill to the lover of poetry than that of Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale,' which Lord Crewe has just given to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. For here we see one of the greatest of English lyrical poets in the act of composing a famous masterpiece. 'I have for the most part dashed off my lines in the

[Continued on right.]

THE FIRST TWO PAGES OF THE MS. OF KEATS'S "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE," WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE, BY LORD CREWE: A FACSIMILE OF GREAT INTEREST, AS SHOWING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A FALSE START WITH THE WORDS "SMALL WINGED DRYAD" UPSIDE DOWN IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER. (ABOUT 8 IN. HIGH.)

[illegible]

Where best to think is torn full of sorrow
and leaden up despair
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eye
Or ^{new} love pine at them beyond tomorrow -
away - away - for I will fly ^{to} ~~with~~
Not charmed by Baucis and his wife
But on the winged wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and betrays
already with thee! tender is the night
And softly the Queen moon is on her throne
Circled around by all her starry page.
But here there is no light
I am what flows ^{down} with the breeze brown
Following though various glooms and winding ways
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet
Nor what blossoms soft increase hump upon the
But in embalmed darkness gilds each smothered
With the the seasonable month endures
The grass the thicket and the fruit tree wild
White Hawthorn and the pasiora' expanded
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves
And midways' eldest child
The coming unknown full of sweetest wear
The summer's heat of flies on summer end

Dartling I listen, and for many a time
 I have ^{but} half in love with careful eyes
 Call'd him soft names, in many a ^{secret} ~~secret~~ ^{place}
 To take into the air my faintly breath
 Now more than ever seems it well to do
 To ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 While ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 I'm such an ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 I'de would ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
~~And~~ ^{And} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 I'de ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 Now ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 No ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 The ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 In ancient days by Empress and Clown
 Perhaps the selfsame ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 Though the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home
 The blood in tears and the alien corn
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Chas'd ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}
 Of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air}

Tolom! the very world is like a bell
To toll ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~one~~ ^{back} ~~one~~ ^{you} ~~one~~ ^{me} ~~one~~ ^{into} ~~one~~ ^{myself}
Adieu! the fancy ~~is~~ ^{is} not cheat so well
As she is fair ~~and~~ ^{do} ~~do~~ ^{desert} ~~all~~ ^{all}
Adieu! Adieu! thy ~~plaintive~~ ^{plaintive} ~~anthen~~ ^{anthen} ~~for~~ ^{for}
Past the wear meadow ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~skill~~ ^{skill} ~~heaven~~ ^{heaven}
We the hill side, and now 'tis buried
In the next valley's glades.
Was it a vision real or waking dream
Fled is that Music - do I wake or sleep?

(Continued.)
hurry,' Keats wrote in April 1819. 'We know that this Ode was written a month or six weeks later in the garden of his friend Brown, at Hampstead, and that 'one morning he took his chair from the breakfast table, placed it on the grass-plot under a plum-tree, and sat there for two or three hours with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away, as waste paper, behind some books.' That was the inception of the poem and these may be those very scraps of paper. Keats seems to have made a false start with the words: 'Small-winged Dryad' seen upside down at the foot of the second page above, though he used this image in the seventh line. Then taking another scrap he gave it the heading 'Ode to the Nightingale' and went ahead with the immortal stanzas. . . . The reader who will compare the facsimile with the printed text will find that, besides the other changes and corrections in the manuscript, there are several words uncorrected that differ from those in the printed text. It is said that before this manuscript came into the hands of Lord Crewe, many years ago, it was offered to the British Museum for less than £50. . . ."

AND RECORD-BREAKING FLIGHTS UNDERTAKEN IN 1930-33.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN

LEAGUE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS



A CHART OF THE WORLD SHOWING GREAT FLIGHTS MADE IN 1930-33; AND THE HEIGHT RECORDS BROKEN.

we are unable to give details of every flight, and have accordingly made a very careful selection of outstanding feats in aviation in which new ground has been crossed, new records in speedy flight have been attained, or something has been done that has never been done before. In this short period famous aviators of the early post-war years have been succeeded by others, who have followed on with the great work. New records for flights to Australia, South Africa, round the world, and to other distant parts

have been put up. New height and speed records have been made (in the case of the latter, both for seaplanes and wheeled aircraft). Man has for the first time flown over Mount Everest; and has covered thousands of miles in Europe and Africa in one long non-stop flight. The small, comparatively low-powered, so-called "light" aeroplane has come into its own through the number of remarkable records attained by these small machines. Great women flyers have placed their names on the scroll of the aerial

pioneers, and several long-distance records, including that to South Africa and back by the western air route, are held by women. Fourteen men in one great machine have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and an Armada of Italian seaplanes has flown from Rome to Chicago. In addition to British pilots, American, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Hungarian, Indian, Russian, Dutch, and Japanese aviators have all played their part. The latest flight by the Mollsons is dealt with on our front page.

JEWISH PROTOTYPES OF EARLY CHRISTIAN ART?

UNIQUE FRESCOS FOUND IN A THIRD-CENTURY SYNAGOGUE AT DURA-EUROPOS: A DISCOVERY THAT REOPENS THE QUESTION OF CHRISTIAN ART ORIGINS.

By CLARK HOPKINS, Director of Excavations at Dura-Europos, conducted by Yale University in Co-operation with the French Academy of Inscriptions and Letters.

(See Illustrations opposite and on Pages 190 and 191.)

In our issue of Aug. 13, 1932, Mr. Clark Hopkins described the remarkable discoveries made at Dura-Europos last year, especially that of the earliest-known Christian church with mural decorations. In the following article, dealing with the subsequent season's work, he records a still more sensational find on the same site, that of the earliest-known Jewish synagogue with mural paintings preserved. This new discovery, he points out, necessitates a re-examination of the whole question of the origins of early Christian art.

THE fortress of Dura-Europos, frontier city on the Syrian Euphrates, provided a sensation to archaeologists and students of early Christian art last year by yielding a Christian chapel dating from the early third century. Its frescoed walls provided the earliest-known example of a painted Christian church and the only specimens of Syrian church paintings dating from the epoch of the early frescoes in the Catacombs. This year an even more startling discovery was made in the shape of a large synagogue, its walls covered with mural paintings magnificently preserved.

Dura was a caravan city located at the strategic position on the river cliff where the road down the Euphrates descends from the plateau to the river plain. Its chief street, therefore, the caravan road, led from the great gate in the middle of the desert

It is to the painted tiles (Figs. 7 and 9) of the roof that we owe our accurate knowledge of the names of the founders and the date of the building, for, in addition to designs of flowers, fruit, animals, and human heads which adorned them, there were, fortunately, half-a-dozen inscriptions. One in Greek (Fig. 7, top) mentions expressly Samuel, son of Eideos, as "presbyteros" of the Jews and founder of the building; a second commemorates the names of his assistants or fellow-contributors. In Hebrew, an even more important tile repeats the name of the founder and adds the date, the second year of Philip, the 556th year of the Seleucid era (245 A.D.).

An arched niche approached by two steps, and with top supported by imitation marble columns, made the setting for the seat of the chief priest or "presbyteros" (Figs. 8 and 10). The back of the arch was ornamented with geometric designs and imitation slabs of marble; the plaster top was moulded in the shape of a shell, forming a naiskos much like the mihrab in the modern mosque; and



FIG. 1. EZEKIEL UPHELD BY THE HAND OF GOD, HOLDING HIM BY THE HAIR: DETAIL OF THE WALL-PAINTING SHOWN IN FIG. 12 ON PAGE 190.

Abraham holding the great knife of sacrifice, the small form of Isaac lying prostrate on the high altar, the fat-tailed ram caught beneath the branches of the bush, and the hand of God above preventing the offering of Isaac.

Except for the part covered by the niche and the double row of low plaster benches around the room, all four walls of the room were covered with fresco panels placed in four great rows. The slope of the embankment, however, has cut the side walls to a sharp angle, and the front wall stands not more than two-and-a-half metres (about 8 ft.) high. Moreover, fearing to endanger the back wall, we left intact part of the original embankment blocking the two lower panels of the back wall. The colours of those uncovered, however, are bright and daring in the Oriental fashion, and the effect on entering from the grey desert into this room of variegated and brilliant designs is startling. How much greater must the effect have been when all the walls stood to a height of over twenty feet, every inch covered with rich frescoes, and when, above, the three or four hundred great painted tiles formed a colourful mosaic between the decorated beams of the roof! Many scholars, judging from the recent discoveries of floor-mosaics in Palestinian synagogues of the fourth and fifth centuries, have concluded that the general rule forbidding pictorial representations in synagogues was not observed in the early centuries of our era. At Dura for the first time the mural decoration is preserved, and a firm basis for comparison between Jewish and early Christian art established.

The scenes present many of the best-known and most dramatic episodes in Old Testament literature. The details of individual scenes are best presented by the photographs themselves. In general grouping, the two scenes of David and Saul (Fig. 8) above the seat of the priest went together, separated from the

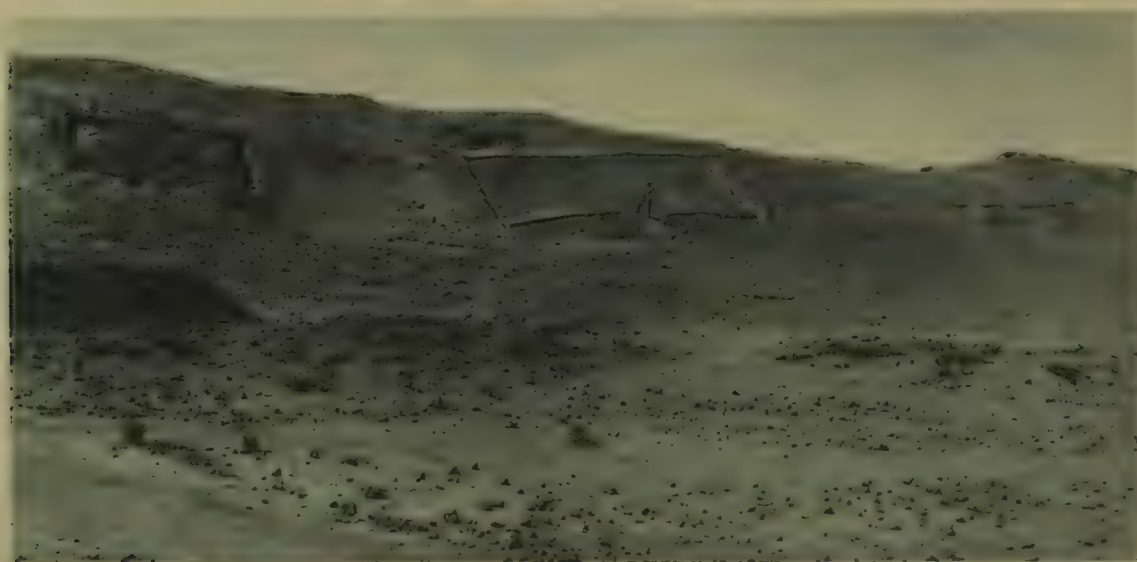


FIG. 2. THE SYNAGOGUE DISCOVERED AT DURA-EUROPOS AS IT APPEARED WHEN EXCAVATION BEGAN: THE WALLS OUTLINED IN THE EMBANKMENT, WITH A MAN STANDING AT THE DOORWAY.

wall through the centre of the city to the lower gate beside the river. Along the desert wall and a block to the south of the main gate, the Christians in the time of Alexander Severus erected their church. Equally close to the battlements, a block and a half north of the Palmyra Gate, lay the synagogue. The attempts of the inhabitants to resist the attacks of the Persians in 256 A.D. led to the construction of great mud-brick walls which partially blocked the neighbouring buildings. Thus the walls of these buildings, though made of mud-brick, were preserved to a remarkable height. In the synagogue, not only was the back wall left standing to a height of six metres (nearly 20 ft.), but so well had the embankment been built about it that the frescoes were preserved to within a few centimetres of the surface.

The room which comprised the principal chamber was eight metres (about 26 ft.) long and thirteen metres (about 42 ft.) wide. The building faced east, and between it and the street a great open court had been built. One approached the main entrance of the synagogue proper by a handsome portico forming a sort of vestibule to the great room. Perhaps the smaller door in the south corner of the front was an entrance for women, and the south end was screened off from the rest of the building, for there was no evidence of the usual women's gallery. Great beams, apparently without central supports, stretched across the roof, and between them a great series of painted tiles had been laid. For the congregation low plaster benches had been built around the walls, and for the chief priest an ornamental seat (Figs. 8 and 10) in the place of honour opposite the central door. The chief priest and the elders, therefore, sat with their backs to the west, but the congregation as a whole bowed as prescribed toward the Holy Shrine in Jerusalem.

around the inside border of the vault was painted a design of grapes and fruit between ribbon folds, the same motif as that found on the front of the baptisterium in the Christian chapel. On the face of the niche, the artist had drawn on the left the sacred symbols,



FIG. 3. THE BUILDING OF A ROOF TO PRESERVE THE FRESCOS: A VIEW THAT SHOWS WELL THE SIZE OF THE BUILDING, ITS POSITION ALONG THE FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE HEIGHT OF THE VARIOUS WALLS.

the seven-branched candlestick, a citrous fruit, and a palm branch; in the centre the receptacle for the sacred law—i.e., the ark in the form of a temple, the top of whose door is adorned with a shell; on the right, the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham. One sees

rest of the paintings on the west wall by the four panels of single figures. On the upper right-hand side, the back wall contained the three united scenes of the Exodus (e.g., Fig. 18), on the left the fragments remaining suggest the glories of Solomon.

[Continued on page 190.]

THE EARLIEST KNOWN JEWISH MURAL PAINTINGS; SHOWING STRONG AFFINITY WITH EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE YALE UNIVERSITY AND FRENCH ACADEMY OF INSCRIPTIONS
AND LETTERS JOINT EXPEDITION TO DURA-EUROPOS. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)

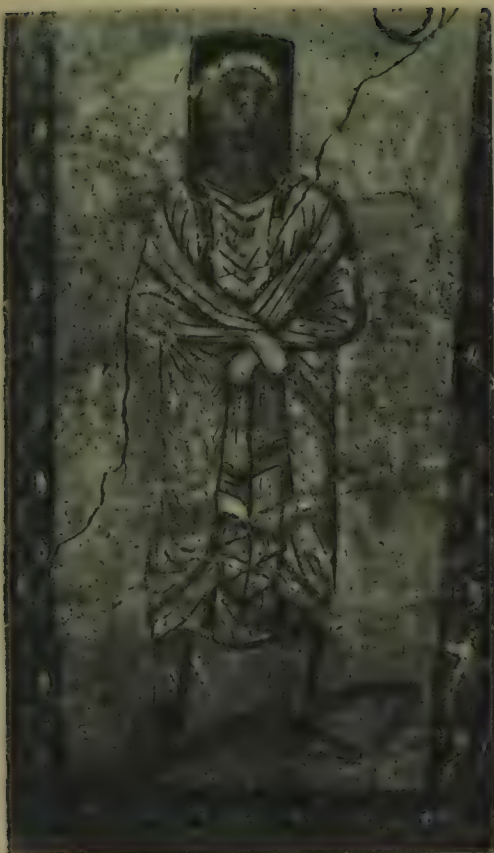


FIG. 4. A PRIEST, PERHAPS ABRAHAM, WITH HANDS COVERED, STANDING BENEATH A REPRESENTATION OF THE CONSTELLATIONS. (A FRESCO ON THE BACK WALL.)



FIG. 5. DETAIL FROM A FRESCO SHOWING THE RETURN OF THE ARK (FIG. 17, PAGE 190): "THE LORDS OF THE PHILISTINES WENT AFTER."

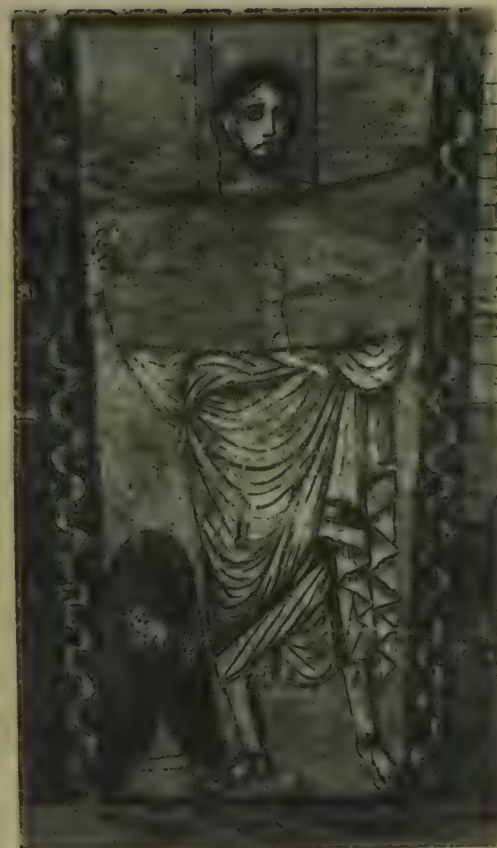


FIG. 6. THE PRIEST WITH A SCROLL, PROBABLY JEREMIAH, RESEMBLING VERY EARLY REPRESENTATIONS OF OUR LORD: DETAIL OF FRESCOS SHOWN IN FIGS. 8 AND 11.

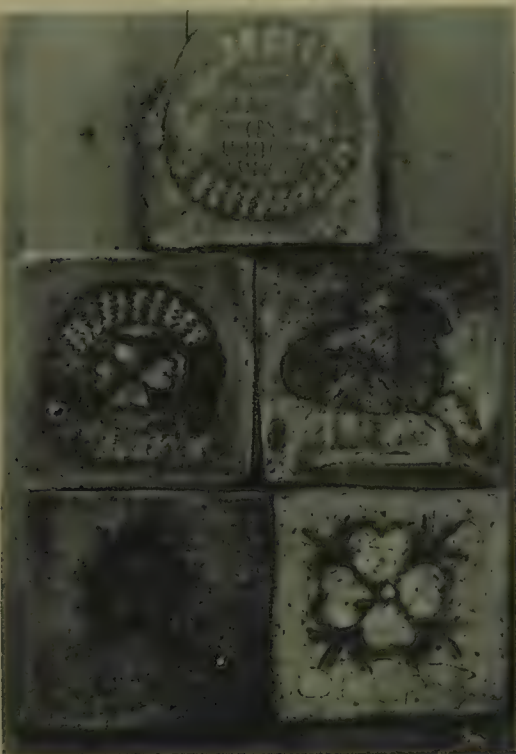


FIG. 7. PAINTED CEILING TILES, INCLUDING ONE (AT THE TOP) INSCRIBED (IN GREEK) WITH THE FOUNDER'S NAME—SAMUEL, "PRESBYTEROS" OF THE JEWS.



FIG. 8. THE HIGH PRIEST'S SEAT IN THE SYNAGOGUE: AN ARCHED NICHE, WITH THE FRESCOS ABOVE IT (SHOWN IN FIGS. 10 AND 11 AND ON THE LEFT IN FIG. 16, PAGE 190).

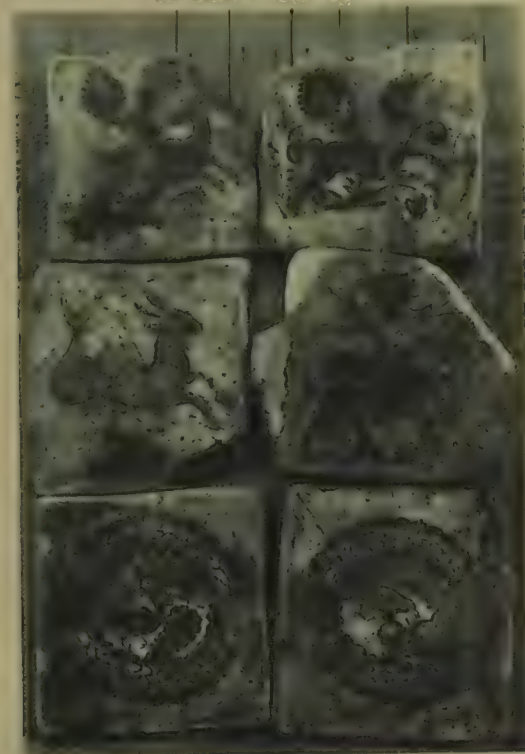


FIG. 9. A REPRESENTATIVE GROUP OF THE PAINTED TILES WHICH ADORNED THE CEILING OF THE SYNAGOGUE: SIX EXAMPLES, SHOWING A GAZELLE, A RHYOCAMP, CENTAURS, AND BIRDS.

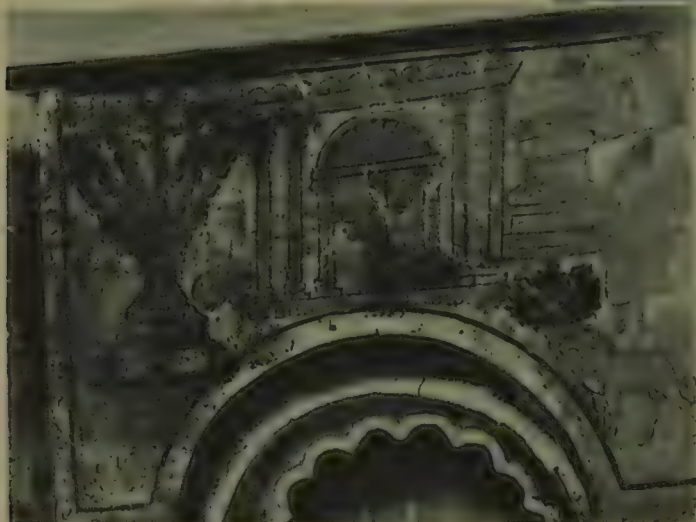


FIG. 10. THE FRESCOS IMMEDIATELY ABOVE THE HIGH PRIEST'S SEAT, REPRESENTING THE SEVEN-BRANCHED CANDLESTICK, THE ARK IN THE FORM OF A TEMPLE, AND ABRAHAM'S SACRIFICE, WITH THE RAM CAUGHT IN A THICKET.



FIG. 11. THE TWO UPPER ROWS OF FRESCOS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK WALL, ABOVE THE HIGH PRIEST'S SEAT: (IN THE CENTRE) DAVID PLAYING THE HARP, AND (ABOVE) A COURT SCENE OF DAVID AND SOLOMON; (AT THE SIDES) PRIESTS SEEN IN FIGS. 4 AND 6.

HERE and on the two succeeding pages we illustrate the Jewish mural paintings recently unearthed at Dura-Europos, as described by Mr. Clark Hopkins in his article on the opposite page. In a letter relating to the subject he writes: "This year I am glad to say we have made discoveries more startling and significant even than the find of the Christian Chapel last year. The greatest discovery is a synagogue dated 245 A.D., with walls covered with frescoes. A few synagogues in Palestine have designs with mosaic floors. This is the only one with painting, and we have here a magnificent series of paintings of scenes from the Old Testament. I need not point out to you that the whole question of the origin of early Christian art must be re-examined in the light of this discovery of a well-defined Jewish art at this period. The building is 13 by 8 metres, and the back wall stands 6 metres high—the whole covered with frescoes in panels from 1 to 1½ metres high and from 2 to 3 metres wide, almost all in an excellent state of preservation." Our illustrations, we may add, are numbered to correspond with the author's references in his article.

FRESCOES FROM THE EARLIEST KNOWN SYNAGOGUE WITH MURAL PAINTINGS PRESERVED:



FIG. 12. THE VISION OF EZEKIEL, WITH THE PROPHET (ON LEFT IN GROUP OF THREE IN CENTRE) UPHELD BY THE HAND OF GOD (SEE FIG. 1, PAGE 188): PART OF THE NORTH WALL OF THE SYNAGOGUE.



FIG. 13. A PANORAMA OF PART OF THE WEST WALL OF THE SYNAGOGUE, AT THE MOMENT OF DISCOVERY: (LEFT) THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES (SEE FIG. 22) AND (RIGHT) THE DEDICATION OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD (SEE FIGS. 14 AND 21).

Continued from Page 188.]

In the second row on the right the scene of the Temple beside that of the return of the Ark (Fig. 17) suggests the Temple as the final resting-place of the Ark. On the left two scenes of sacrifice, the dedication of the Aaronic priesthood and the feast of the Tabernacles (Fig. 13) are grouped together. The side walls in the second row present episodes in which the Ark figured prominently; on the north side a complete fighting scene and part of a panel with the walls of a great city probably Jericho; on the south a procession of civilians carrying the Ark triumphantly in the middle. Below this latter a series of scenes along the whole wall depicts the deeds of Elijah, *i.e.*, the sacrifice of the bullocks (Figs. 19 and 20), and his meeting with the widow of Zarahphath. Corresponding to this on the north wall are the visions of Ezekiel (Figs. 1 and 12), coupled, curiously enough, with the death of Ahab. Not clear in meaning are the remains of scenes on the front wall. Beneath them all, forming a fourth row, was drawn a series of small decorative panels representing masks and animals. We can only summarise at present the immense importance of these frescoes for the history of Jewish and Christian art.



FIG. 16. PART OF THE BACK WALL OF THE SYNAGOGUE, WITH A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION AT WORK: FRESCOES OF JEREMIAH (SUPPOSED) (FIGS. 6 AND 8, PAGE 189), THE TEMPLE (FIG. 15), AND (ABOVE) THREE SCENES OF THE EXODUS.



FIG. 17. "AND THEY LAID THE ARK OF THE LORD UPON THE CART": A FRESCO REPRESENTING THE RETURN OF THE ARK; AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STATUE OF DAGON.

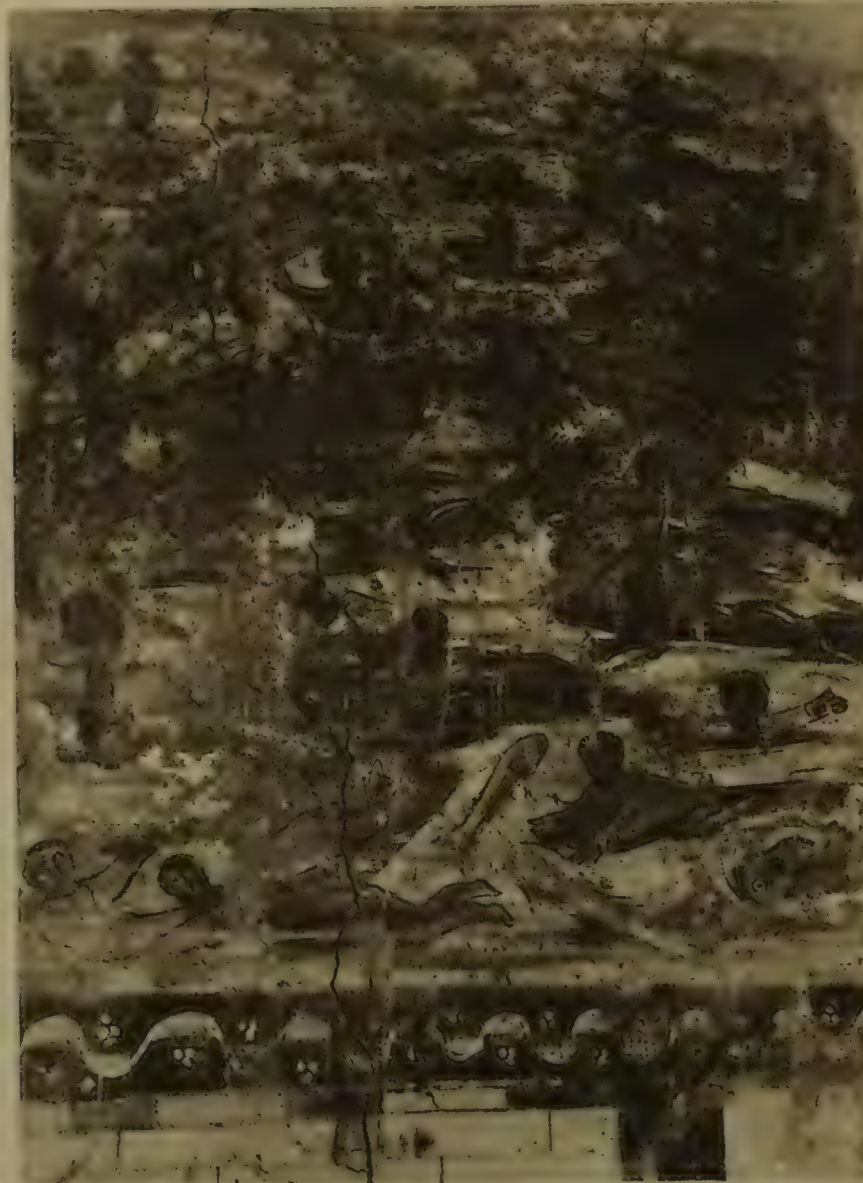


FIG. 18. THE DROWNING OF THE EGYPTIANS IN THE RED SEA: THE CENTRAL FRESCO OF A GROUP OF THREE REPRESENTING SCENES OF THE EXODUS (SEE FIG. 16).

These photographs, like those on the previous page, illustrate the article by Mr. Clark Hopkins on page 188, describing the discovery of the first Jewish synagogue ever found with mural decorations. The illustrations are numbered

according to his references. In connection with Fig. 17, showing the return of the Ark, he quotes from the 1st Book of Samuel (vi, 11-12): "And they laid the Ark of the Lord upon the cart . . . and the kine took the straight

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXPEDITION OF YALE UNIVERSITY, IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF

OLD TESTAMENT SCENES BY JEWISH PAINTERS DISCOVERED AT DURA-EUROPOS.



FIG. 14. A DETAIL OF THE FRESCO WHICH REPRESENTS THE DEDICATION OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD (SEE FIGS. 13 AND 21): AARON IN HIS RICH ROBES OF OFFICE WITH HIS NAME INSCRIBED ABOVE.

A few early mosaics in synagogues, chiefly of the fourth and fifth centuries, are preserved in Palestine; but at Dura for the first time appears the mural painting of the synagogue and a really great series of Old Testament scenes interpreted by the Jews themselves. One glance at the photographs shows how closely in style, composition, and subject matter Jewish and Christian pictorial art were related to one another. In discussing the Dura Christian frescoes, so closely related to the frescoes in the Catacombs, I remarked that all the elements of style and composition were common in the pagan paintings at Dura except the essentially Christian feature, the direct presentation of the action of the story often at the expense of artistic display. It is this feature, the entire concentration on the expression of the story, that is the outstanding element in the synagogue pictures. We may suggest, therefore, that from the Jews the Christians borrowed this method, and in the East rather than in Rome rose the characteristic Christian style. Dura shows us that we must look to Syria and Antioch as well as to Alexandria and Egypt for the great growth of Christian art which so influenced Roman conceptions in the early centuries.

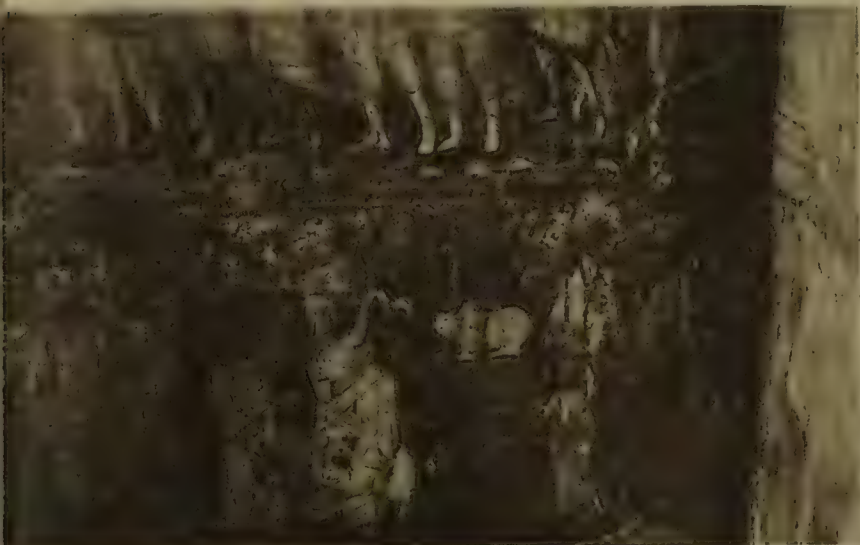


FIG. 19. ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE OF A BULLOCK: THE ALTAR OF ELIJAH AND THE POURING OF WATER ON THE FLAMES—DETAIL OF THE LOWER PART OF THE FRESCO SHOWN IN FIG. 20.



FIG. 20. ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE (SOUTH WALL); WITH A SMALL REPRESENTATION OF BAAL ON THE ALTAR TO THE LEFT AND THE BULLOCK SHOWN IN FIG. 19.



FIG. 15. THE TEMPLE: ONE OF THE FRESCOS ON THE BACK WALL OF THE SYNAGOGUE, SHOWN IN FIG. 16—A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PANEL TAKEN BEFORE IT WAS CLEANED.



FIG. 21. THE DEDICATION OF THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD: A FRESCO ON THE WEST WALL SHOWN ON THE RIGHT IN FIG. 13 AS IT APPEARED WHEN FOUND; WITH A FIGURE OF AARON SEEN ALSO IN FIG. 14.



FIG. 22. THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES: A CLEARER REPRODUCTION OF THE FRESCO SHOWN ON THE LEFT IN FIG. 13 AS IT APPEARED WHEN FOUND, AND JOINING THAT SEEN IN FIG. 21.

way to the way of Beth-shemesh, and went along the highway, lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; and the lords of the Philistines went after them unto the border of Beth-shemesh.' The Feast

of Tabernacles (Figs. 13 and 22), it may be recalled, commemorated the in-gathering of all fruits. The people lived for a week in booths, to remind them of their desert wanderings."

EX-

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"KINGS IN EXILE": By Dr. OTTO ERNST.*

(PUBLISHED BY JARROLD.)

"BLURBING" almost as thoroughly as the writer of the eulogy on the jacket of "Kings in Exile," the author of that assemblage of essays says in his Introduction: "One thing may be justly expected—that this book is interesting. And it will be: the material itself is

bow—right low! how he must look at the Kaiser, etc." Moreover, wealth is on all hands: "The entire fortune of the Kaiser in exile, not counting jewellery and art treasures, is valued at six hundred million gold marks, or nearly £40,000,000 at the present rate of exchange,

which represents an income of about a million and a half pounds per annum."

Yet the All-Powerful's lack of power must be as ashes in the mouth; the savour of strength is not easily forgotten. In this connection, Dr. Ernst advances a theory based on William II.'s amazing strenuousness as a wood-cutter. He writes: "During his seventeen months' stay at Amerongen he cut down and sawed up several thousand large trees, while an entire forest has already fallen beneath his axe at Doorn. As the fuel holes of the Dutch stoves at

Mr. Gladstone say anything to that effect in 1884? Few will wonder that the Grey Emperor, excursions in his car, never drives in the direction of the German frontier!

And so from the chief hobby of the War Lord who was to the time-slayers of others who must find occupation that is an anodyne. The late King Manoel liked to watch lawn-tennis, but he loved books and, first and foremost, he was a bibliophile. Czar Ferdinand, whose son Boris rules in his stead, favours travel—perhaps because he used to drive railway engines whenever he had the chance—but he also dabbles in the occult when it is convenient, has international fame as an ornithologist, is a keen and expert gardener, and is a collector of butterflies—and of precious stones, fine uncut specimens of which he is wont to carry in his trousers pockets! King Alfonso has hardly had time to settle down—does not desire to do so, one may believe, for he is not reconciled to his lot—but his knowledge of sport is as evident as ever. Prince Otto—the Duc de Bar—has his studies to steady him and probably his dreams, for his mother, always the Man of the family, is more than eager to see him King of Hungary, if not Emperor of Austria as well. As to the rest, our author has less to say anent this matter; it may be assumed, however, that all have their distractions: some of them are content with citizenship of a slightly restricted world; others are restless, wondering whether, perchance, swinging pendulums will sweep them back to the seats of the mighty; others, though they may pose as having given up hope of restoration, may be regarded as hankering after their former state and plotting—if only mildly—to attain it.

All, indeed, are not as is the Kaiser—according to Dr. Ernst. "What has he missed? Strictly speaking, nothing. He is alive, he is now seventy-three years old, hale and hearty. Hero's death? An obsolete phrase! But for this phrase millions of Germans died at his behest. But he is living, has subsequently married again, is happy and rich. Has he missed something? At the most a bagatelle: immortality."

"Happy"—and who is the unhappiest? Almost certainly, the ex-Empress Zita, our author would answer. A Cinderella, she became the Princess the glass slippers fitted. "Then two shots rang out at Serajevo—and, at two-and-twenty, she was empress-designate. Only two years later, and she mounted the imperial and royal throne of the Hapsburgs. And after another two years she lost crown, throne, and country, and with her husband and five children was driven into exile." Now "she is the most fanatical and aggressive representative of the monarchical idea in Europe." The whole training of her son Otto is designed to one end. At her "Court," she is Your Majesty and "purple blinkers must be worn, so that the distinctions which might wound shall not be noticed."



CHILDREN OF EX-EMPRESS ZITA, WHOSE SON OTTO STILL CLAIMS THE THRONE OF HUNGARY: THE ROYAL FAMILY IN EXILE AT STEENOCKERZEEL, BELGIUM.

so alive in every sense of the word that it would be very difficult to present it in a way that bored the reader." On the whole, the boast is well warranted.

"The material itself": that, in truth, is the beginning and the end. The "blurber" is over-enthusiastic when he claims: "This is a work of great historical value, embodying in one volume all the known facts (and many which are unknown except to the very few) concerning the world's deposed monarchs." Further, it would seem that Dr. Ernst is not primarily a stylist, although one can only judge by the translation, which is marred at times by irritating jumps from the past to the present tense and back again, by "alien" English, and by such sentences as "... Kemal Pasha, the reformer-tyrant, and all the others are various expressions of the dictatorial power in a State wherein no crown any longer reigns (or as good as none), and wherein power has either not yet been transferred to the people or has been snatched away from them." And the corrector of the press cannot prove himself blameless when faced with a page on which it is recorded that "the Western Powers, Japan and the United States then interviewed with energy." When he passed interviewed, he may have been obsessed by thoughts of abortive talks, conversations and Conferences, but the period of action was that of the Boxer troubles—and surely the word must have been *interviewed* in the manuscript!

So much by way of criticism which is not intended to be too captious, but must be made. Let me return to the material. This concerns the Kaiser, predominant in print as the most inexplicable of the dethroned; that "unsolved European problem" Otto of Hapsburg, and his mother, the determined, ambitious Empress Zita, formerly of Austria and of Hungary, the only Kingdom that is without a King; Czar Ferdinand, the restless, roving "fox" of Bulgaria; King Alfonso of Spain, "Benjamin among his colleagues on the retired list"; King Manoel of Portugal, dead since the original study was penned; the Romanovs, headed by "Czar Cyril," famous for his 1929 Manifesto, a dweller in the Villa Edinburg at Coburg or in Nice or in Brittany; German Princes, especially Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria; King George of Greece; the "unofficial" Caliph Abdul Medshid, now of Nice, and "backed" by the Nizam of Hyderabad; King Amanullah of Afghanistan, who fell because he reformed too soon and repented too late; and Mr. Pu-yi, erstwhile Emperor of China, present Chief Executive of the Republic of Manchukuo, and, possibly, King-to-be—by grace of Imperial Japan.

Much of it, if not particularly new, is, as the chronicler affirms, interesting. As already indicated, that which has reference to the master of Doorn House ranks first. The glories that were the Kaiser's are no more; but there are dim reflections of them—as in a glass darkly! No longer can Majesty manoeuvre armies or send fleets to sea, and when the War Lord of other days is in the saddle there is no charger beneath him, for he merely rides on his desk-chair; but there is still preaching to be done—there are sermons to be delivered in Doorn. No longer do courtiers crowd to pay homage and speak the sycophantic compliment; but Imperial style is retained, complete with suite and other outward forms. The regal writ does not run beyond the bounds of a Dutch estate which is hemmed in by iron strands and barbed wire; but "a short lesson in court ceremonial is imparted to the visitor: how he should



MR. HENRY PU-YI, LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA AND LAST OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY, NOW CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF MANCHUKUO: THE YOUNG PRINCE AS A TENNIS-PLAYER.

The ex-Emperor of China has returned, as ruler of Manchukuo, to the land of his ancestors, who reigned in Manchuria for many centuries before they became Chinese Emperors. Should he at any time be made King of the new State, it would be an even more dramatic turning of the wheel.

Amerongen were small, the wood had to be cut into small, perfectly equal pieces, and this manual labour, too, the Kaiser undertook by himself. In this art he has attained such proficiency that he is able to catch the log as it is thrown into the air with the axe and split it into the desired shape. ... If ... this peculiar activity of the Kaiser be regarded otherwise than from the merely curious angle, one cannot resist the conviction that this apparently primitive exertion must have really deep and complicated causes. The most convenient and obvious explanation would be that this labour is nothing else than a refuge; wracked by memories and tortured by self-accusations, the exile of Doorn seeks refuge in fatiguing, all-absorbing, physical exhaustion. Those whose attitude is hostile find a yet simpler explanation: the man who can destroy nothing more in world politics wreaks his destructive fury—*faute de mieux*—upon innocent and defenceless trees. Persons who have had a training in psycho-analysis interpret this manifestation of the ego as obvious phenomena of suppression; the blows of the axe being aimed at imaginary foes." Did



THE BROTHER OF "CZAR CYRIL" OF RUSSIA AND HIS WIFE: THE GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS BORIS OF RUSSIA. Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, formerly General Inspector of the whole of the Cossack troops, is the second son of the late Czar. Now he lives in Paris.

Yes; Dr. Ernst was right when he characterised the material at his command. It is alive. Our quotations bear witness to this; and they are mere fractions. Without doubt, "Kings in Exile"—as bound in cloth boards—can still provide welcome pabulum—and some circus—for many people.

E. H. G.

* "Kings in Exile." By Dr. Otto Ernst. Translated by H. J. Stenning. (Jarrolds; 18s. net.)



"I feel like a Guinness."
"I wish you were."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WALL-LIGHTS.

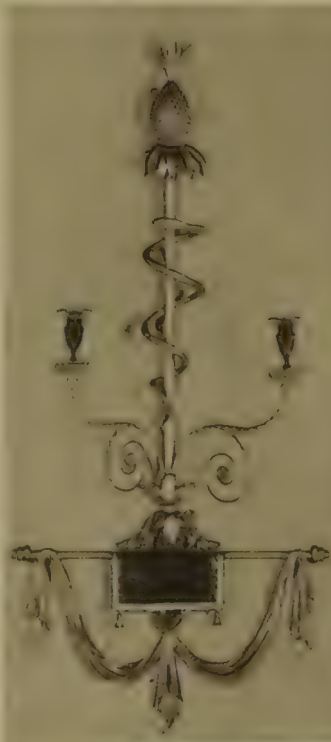
By FRANK DAVIS.

country; so that it is by no means surprising to find a walnut sconce as late as 1754 in a house which bears every mark of culture if not of great wealth. In contrast to the still sober Dutch taste of the time, England seems positively riotous, if we may judge from the

foliage and interlacing tendrils. This is a job where machines and rush methods are of no avail: it requires a single craftsman who has both taste and skill, who has plenty of time at his disposal, and who is not stinted for wood by a cheeseparing management. Frankly, I doubt if such people are to be found to-day; and if they are, their only refuge is presumably not original work of their own, but inspired faking.

You will note that, for all its lightheartedness and apparent contempt for all rules, the swirls and convolutions of this typical rococo piece do actually conform to a logical series of curves, and that the structure, as a whole, is perfectly sound and reasonable. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the next generation could see any good in the fashions of the '50's; the '70's were in revolt—as, no doubt, the 1970's will be in revolt against the 1950's—and, thanks to the Adam brothers, about whose masterpiece, Adelphi Terrace, there is now a to-do, their revolt took the form of a return to the classics—not the classics as interpreted by the Italians of the sixteenth century, but the classics as revealed at Pompeii and Herculaneum. The snake and the general appearance of the wall-sconce of Fig. 1 come directly from Græco-Roman sources. The purely Renaissance—that is, the sixteenth century—type of classical inspiration, which persisted in various forms right down to the eighteenth century, is exemplified in the William and Mary sconce of Fig. 3: one can hardly imagine a greater contrast in two things which fundamentally derive from the same source.

I am reminded that the year in which the little picture was painted was of some importance in the history of the domestic arts. It was the date of the first edition of Chippendale's "Director," which immortalised just such intricate designs as those of Fig. 5; and it was also the year in which the polite world of France and England began to realise the importance of the excavations at Pompeii, discoveries which were destined to make Chippendale's designs hopelessly old-fashioned within about fifteen years. I have just room for one other type



1. A SCONCE IN THE ADAM STYLE, IN WHICH THE INFLUENCE EXERCISED BY THE DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII IS CLEARLY DISCERNIBLE: A WALL-LIGHT OF ABOUT 1770, IN METAL AND WOOD, WHICH MAKES A STRONG CONTRAST WITH THE HANDLING OF CLASSICAL MOTIFS IN FIG. 3.

Reproduction by Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.



2. AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT TYPE OF SCONCE FROM THE OTHERS ILLUSTRATED ON THIS PAGE: AN ENGRAVED GLASS MIRROR (OF ABOUT 1710) WHICH MUST HAVE MADE A MOST ELEGANT AND CHEERFUL SETTING FOR CANDLELIGHT.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Lionel Harris jr.



4. A DUTCH PICTURE DATED 1754, OF GREAT INTEREST AS SHOWING A SCONCE (ABOVE, LEFT) OF A TYPE WHICH, WITHOUT THIS EVIDENCE, WOULD PROBABLY PASS AS ENGLISH WORK OF ABOUT 1710: "A BOTANIST AND HIS WIFE," BY G. ZEGELAAR. (SIZE 26 IN. BY 31 IN.)

There are several other interesting details in this picture, notably the two globes above the door; the bookshelves protected by curtains; and the carpet on the table instead of on the floor.



3. A LATE RENAISSANCE SCONCE: A FINE WILLIAM AND MARY PIECE IN CARVED AND GILT GESSO.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Lionel Harris jr., King Street, S.W.1.



5. THE ROCOCO SPIRIT EXEMPLIFIED IN A SCONCE WHICH SHOWS A BRILLIANT HANDLING OF CURVES: CARVED AND GILT WORK OF ABOUT 1754.

Reproduction by Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

Whether I am mistaken or not, they are very attractive things, as sober and as comfortable as Queen Anne herself. Walnut remained the fashion in Holland long after its place had been taken by mahogany in this

market are Dutch, and are none the worse for that.

richly-carved and gilt wall-light of Fig. 5, which we may put at about this date. Our austere modern taste is at the moment in revolt against so complicated a departure from a strictly geometrical pattern, and I am the first to admit that, if a modern factory really got-busy upon this sort of thing, it would achieve an uncommonly horrible version of this squirrel with its

which is rare, and considerably more charming than it can appear in a photograph: this is the little engraved glass mirror of Fig. 2, a sort which seems to have been popular in the first twenty years of the eighteenth century.

★ *From the letter
of a
Barrister-at-Law*

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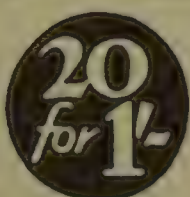
(The original testimony can be verified at Arcadia Works.)



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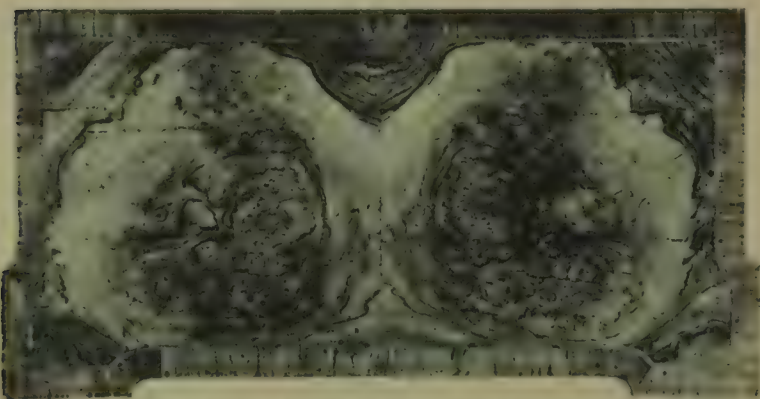


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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

IRONICAL humour in a novel is rare, and we do not get nearly enough of it; but here it is in Lady Longford's "Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown," a most diverting book. Mr. Jiggins had the grave oddity of an elderly gentleman whom people who met him for the first time suspected to be mad; but there was a definite logic in his madness. He had an obsession, certainly, a very serious obsession. He was concerned with the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and his apprehension was that he might reappear in the next incarnation as a fox. An Irish fox, too, which was a troublesome thought to have in a fox-hunting country. His humanitarian attitude to all animals was, one perceives, entirely reasonable in the circumstances. His home, as Lady Longford describes it, is the typical Irish mansion house of the old order of things. It was large and stone built, and it stood on the edge of a lake, and the trees about the lake were the primeval oaks of Ireland. There, philosophically indifferent to the revolution of the new régime, the old man reigned, as Jiggins since the sixteenth century had reigned before him. How he received the cousins from England and dealt with them and another expectant heir, and how he disposed his affairs, is Lady Longford's subject. She is delightfully adroit in characterisation, whether she is rounding off the bushy beard of the central figure, or touching in his old butler, his rustic friends, McGlynn and Doodley, or his Protestant neighbours at church. The subtle wit of "Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown" is immensely attractive, and the climax in the last chapter inimitable.

"Nothing Lasts," by Joanna Fevel, is witty too, a lively, clean-cut performance. It opens up a London apartment house so that the day-to-day concerns of the people, mostly young and adventurous, are exposed to view. It is more the story of the courageous Elizabeth than anybody else's; but every individual is significant. There are sad things in it, and ridiculous things, and we range from Leonie, who was clever and knew it, and wicked because she wanted to be, to Mr. Briggs in the basement, the landlady's husband, harmless and good as gold. There are situations in "Nothing Lasts" that set one thinking, and it is very alertly written. A most excellent first novel.

"Here Comes the King" has a dazzling colour and action, and it is by Philip Lindsay, who wrote "Panama is Burning," and has established himself as a brilliant young historical novelist. The King is Henry VIII., in the episode of his marriage with Catherine Howard. The pathetic side of Henry's attitude towards Catherine is stressed, the aging man with his crippled leg, his trust in "the rose without a thorn" so violently shattered by the disclosure of her faithlessness. And there is a penetrating study of Culpeper, the lover whom Catherine brought to his death, and of her, the wanton of all the ages. The shadow of the axe lies inevitably across the ecstasy of their passion; the axe for her, and an end more terrible for him. Mr. Lindsay's painting of the Tudor background, gorgeous and squalid, is very fine.

Willa Muir is gravely realistic in "Mrs. Ritchie." Annie Rattray had a father who drank and a mother who beat—and browbeat—her, and her promise as a scholar was crushed at home. She was dragged up on hellfire and drudgery. Annie was unchangeable: she remained to the end as she was in the beginning, narrowly intent on possession in this world and salvation in the next. Having been herself repressed, when her turn came she repressed her husband and children. She ruled the unhappy Ritchie family with the self-seeking of bigotry and the cruelty of a perverted maternal instinct. She ruled until the young man, John Samuel, came back on leave from the trenches. John Samuel, having seen the barren, featureless waste of the battlefields, had ceased to believe in the great god Bunk, his mother's god. And the daughter, Sarah Annie, the school teacher living at home, a victim whom the war could not release, was inspired in a hysterical outburst to name her mother aloud as a devil and to run away, as John Samuel had run—anywhere, to anything out of Mrs. Ritchie's fixed and rigid reach. If Arthur Schnitzler had known the seamy side of Scottish life as well as he knew the Austrian, this is the book he would have written. There is another overwhelming mother in "Overture to Fortune," by Marjorie Booth. Rachel Bruff had a bleak nature; and this book of her is rather bleak. She believed that a man was what his wife made him, and undoubtedly if Edgar had been malleable she would have made a success of him. But he was only dreamily uninterested in out-fitting. She passed on to mould the children to her ambitions; circumstances that she could endlessly improve were her pleasure. Her children frustrated her; but the habits of a lifetime die hard. She is left summoning all her faculties to creation from the wreckage. Mrs. Bruff, like Mrs. Ritchie, was a vampire.

The maternal vampire in "Zest" snatched her son Bob from his boyish love, who might possibly have kept him monogamous. After that he drifted along, a pliable, decent enough fellow, at the mercy of his women. His mother married him to Penelope, and Penelope wanted to be rich—she just *had* to be rich, that was the way of it—and so she went off with her millionaire, and Bob went on to Julia, and away from Julia he fell into the greedy arms of Bella. The striking thing that Charles Norris brings out in his modern young Americans is their essential immaturity. The trouble with Bob seems to have been that emotionally he was incapable of developing out of the sweethearting stage. Excepting Dixey of the first chapter (who reappears as a guardian angel in the last), the young women remain as spoiled children, with a good time, and again a good time, for their motive in life.

After these books "The Sinner" is a plunge into strange waters. It is a tragedy of Galician Jewry, which is a fastness entrenched in patriarchal observances and fortified by superstition. It is a remarkable drama, on the grand scale. If it had been an ordinary novel, it would have stopped at the death of Malkah. The love story of Malkah and Nahum is complete in itself. But I. J. Singer, the author, is concerned with a character who is much more than a lover, the boy grown man who is Nahum the Jew. Once again in a Jewish community the elders are intent upon the letter of the law while the significance of the mystic in their midst escapes them. Nahum is purified by suffering as surely as the orthodox are purified by ritual. The translation by Maurice Samuel of Mr. Singer's fine and engrossing novel is extraordinarily good.

You want leisure for reading Helen White's "A Watch in the Night." It runs to nearly 450 pages of close print. It has plainly been a labour of love to Miss White to journey with Jacopone da Todi through the days of his affliction to the supreme sacrifice: Jacopone the Franciscan, through whose poet's eyes she sees so clearly the Holy of the Middle Age. The passage in "Christ in Umbria," when Jacopone arrives at Assisi and sees rising the great pile of the basilica, is one among many lovely word pictures. That is why you cannot be hurried through "A Watch in the Night." It is the pilgrimage of a divine and often puzzled soul in a very precious setting; and for lovers of Italy it is a book to keep.

The five mystery novels to hand are all readable. "Amos Petrie's Puzzle" and "Murder Rehearsal" are well above the average. In fact, though Amos Petrie was the man who elucidated the murder at a country house—how often the week-end party at that country house finds murder in its midst!—he is an engaging person, and none of the party is a mere dummy. But if you found a body, only twenty minutes apparently dead, with its head submerged in the lily pond, what would you do? You would try artificial respiration. The house party, Amos Petrie included, did nothing of the kind. They stood round talking, and Amos, warning them not to touch the body, sent for the police. This is silly; but J. V. Turner improves as he goes on. He has reason to be proud of his galaxy of suspects, and the reconstruction of the crime is in the best tradition. Roger East plots out the ground in "Murder Rehearsal" with ingenuity. The linking-up of the three murders is well contrived, and the manner of the welding of the last link is out of the ordinary. A murder in a studio in a London back garden has been done before, but not this way. "Sleep No More," by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements, is all about a queer family whose queerer deceased relative imposed on them a very unpleasant inheritance. There they were, all by compulsion on Sycamore Island, somewhere in the United States, and being murdered one by one! With horrid somethings flopping about, too! There are hearty creeps in "Sleep No More."

[Continued on page 200.]



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AT this season of the year all the motoring organisations and kindred societies issue helpful literature for the benefit of road users. My library table is crowded with these pamphlets. Here are two examples. "What We See in London," and the surrounding country, issued by the Royal Automobile Club, is very apropos when so many strangers have come to London for the Conference. This guide enumerates 167 show places open to the public, provides maps, circular sightseeing tours around the Metropolis, and country runs within easy distances for a day's enjoyment. Motor drivers will also be interested in a "Safe-driving" pamphlet published by the National "Safety First" Association, styled "1933-4 Motorists' Pocket Book." This contains a series of brief articles by well-known persons in the motoring world. Sir Stenson Cooke, the secretary of the A.A., writes on "Road Manners,"

very steady riding on uneven surfaces at high speed. The steering is very light and a pleasure to handle. The adjustable front bucket seats are fitted with hinged back rests to make it easier to enter or leave the rear compartment. Access to the luggage boot is obtained by means of a hinged lid which can also be used as an extra luggage carrier. It makes an ideal doctor's car, or a family shopping and social

visiting carriage, as anybody can drive it, so simple are the controls. Pre-selector self-changing gears, Lucas-Startex automatic engine-starter, Claudel Hobson no-trouble carburetter with air cleaner, permanent jacks and disc or wire wheels, all save worry to the owner-driver. It is obtainable from £335 for the 12-h.p. and from £405 for the 15-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley coupé cabriolet-de-ville, with £8 extra for bumpers and permanent jacks.

By the way, the R.A.C. have erected the first of the new "Approach" road signs on the Basingstoke by-pass road, the new designs having now been settled by the Ministry of Transport Department Committee on Traffic Signs. It is a huge board with an arrow pointing upward to designate

based on the racing Austin "Sevens" (on one of which at Brooklands I recently touched the 100-mile-an-hour mark), so perhaps some details may be interesting to those who fancy these open touring two-seaters. The seats, by the way, are only 14 inches above the ground. This low centre of gravity is achieved by the use of a special front axle with a transverse semi-elliptic spring of reversed camber, and flat rear quarter-elliptic springs. Two wide doors are provided for easy ingress and exit, and a neat hood covers the occupants when raised in bad weather. Luggage room is provided behind the front seats, with the spare wheel, jack, and wheel-brace housed in the tail. The improvements to the standard Austin "Seven" engine to give it extra power are special valve gear and manifold, a down draught carburetter and a high-compression cylinder head, so that the motor develops 23 brake horse-power at 4800 revolutions per minute. The four-gear ratios are modified to suit the extra engine performance, the top gear of 5.6 to 1 being slightly lower than standard, with the other ratios of 8.6, 13.7, and 19.6 to 1 somewhat higher. Other special features include a spring-arm steering wheel, single panel sports screen, and a wire-mesh radiator guard. Priced at £148 complete, the new Austin "Seven" sports car gives high speed at most economical cost to those who desire this type of fast tourer. Its acceleration is pretty marvellous, but one must experience its thrill properly to appreciate the steadiness of the car in its behaviour on the road as well as its exhilarating effect upon the occupants.

Singer "Nine" at Le Mans. Few folk seem to have realised how much British prestige has been increased by the splendid performance made at Le Mans in the "Twenty-four Hours" event by the Singer "Nine." This was a standard model with only an extra-sized petrol-tank added. Also it was the first British non-super-charged car under 1000 c.c. engine capacity ever to qualify for the Rudge-Whitworth Cup. Two hours before the finish this Singer "Nine" had covered its required qualifying distance (1742 kilometres), and, continuing to the finish, it travelled a total distance of 1900.93 kilometres, equal to 1181 miles, at an average speed of 49.4 miles an hour, including all stops for changing the drivers, refuelling, etc. The Singer "Nine" sports only costs £185, can be

[Continued overleaf.]



A STUDY IN THE OLD AND THE NEW: A MORRIS "25" IN FRONT OF THE FAMOUS AQUEDUCT AT ELVAS, PORTUGAL, ON THE MAIN LISBON-MADRID ROAD.

Sir Herbert Austin on "That Speed Complex"; Commander F. Armstrong, secretary of the R.A.C., deals with "The Motorist and the Highway Code"; while Mr. F. G. Bristow, general secretary of the Commercial Motor Users' Association, contributes a special foreword as Chairman of the National Road Safety Committee.

When motorists in Great Britain renew their driving licenses from now onwards, they will each receive a copy of this pamphlet gratis, with the hope of the "Safety First" enthusiasts that drivers will read it and learn how to avoid accidents. It can also be obtained, price 4d., post free from the National "Safety First" Association, 52, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, and it is well worth the few pence asked for it. In fact, Sir Herbert Austin's advice "to drive only at speeds which will enable you to pull up in any emergency," is a principle worth the book's weight in gold if followed out by every driver and rider on wheels. Its acceptance would greatly diminish road accidents.

New Cars and Signs.

The coupé cabriolet-de-ville is the latest creation in distinctive coachwork on Armstrong-Siddeley chassis. It is a treble-purpose carriage, as its head either folds right back and leaves a fully open or "touring" type of body, folds half back from the front covering the two rear seats, or remains fully up as a completely protected closed coupé. In all its three positions there is no rattle or squeak. I know, as I have tested the design over some hundreds of miles, or perhaps thousands would be nearer the correct figure. Also with its two wide doors this coupé cabriolet is easier for the passengers to get in and out of than most of the present types of smart carriages. It is a light body comparatively, and, in its latest form on the six-cylinder 12-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley chassis, quite a fast car with excellent acceleration, most powerful brakes, and

A 30 road to London, left arrow for A 339 to Basingstoke, and right-hand pointing arrow for road A 339 to Alton. It is erected well in advance of the cross road in order to warn approaching traffic. As far as I know, these R.A.C. signs are the only new ones authorised to be erected, so motorists must look out for them as well as heed their warnings.

Austin "Seven" New Sports. As the de- small cars with an extra bit of "pep" still continues, the Austin Motor Company now give their supporters a new Baby Austin for speedy touring. Naturally, it is



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE RILEY RANGE: A 9-H.P. KESTREL SALOON AT THE FINE TUDOR MANOR HOUSE, ASHBY ST. LEDGERS, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF ROBERT CATESBY AND A MEETING-PLACE OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS.



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(Continued.)

bought at any dealers, and will put up a speed equal to the Le Mans car when run-in carefully by its owner, as, except for the special 18-gallon petrol-tank fitted in place of the back seats, there was



A COLOURFUL CEREMONY AMONG A PEOPLE NATURALLY GIVEN TO DANCING AND SONG: YOUTHS AND MAIDENS OF THE FIJI ISLANDS, VISITED BY THE MATSON LINER "MARIPOSA" ON HER VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA.

nothing extra on that car to the ordinary standard model sold to the public. I am glad to say Singers received many orders from the Continent owing to the performance at Le Mans. Therefore, it certainly pays to race there if a maker wishes to enter that market. Its success also helped to prove that England could make cars to stand up to foreign roads and speeds.

The famous "Grouse" brand of Highland whisky is produced by Matthew Gloag and Son, of Perth, Scotland, who were first established in 1800. Their long experience in the preparation of real Scotch whisky ensures that the product is of the best quality—as is well known by connoisseurs in all

parts of the world. Moreover, each bottle bears a copy of the certificate issued by the Institute of Hygiene, which reads thus: "This is to witness that the 'Grouse' brand Scotch whisky of Mr. Matthew Gloag, of Perth, N.B., has been passed by the Examining Board of the Institute of Hygiene as fulfilling the standard of purity and quality required by them. A certificate has been granted in these terms and the Executive Council have signed and affixed the Seal of the Institute thereon." "Grouse" brand whisky is obtainable at the principal stores at home and abroad. It can be heartily recommended.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

(Continued from Page 196.)

"The Roof," by David Whitelaw, and "The Return of Arsène Lupin" are in the older tradition, where the faithful servant and the slim professional criminal were well to the fore. Arsène Lupin does not shine in his return. We can see the wires of M. Leblanc's puppets, and the racing and chasing carries mighty little conviction. Mr. Whitelaw, on the other hand, has worked out a soundly constructed yarn and packed it with exciting incident, not omitting the lighter side of the sport. The quiet, successful blackmail by Miss Simmons, the demure little secretary, is perfect. The aeroplane business with the policeman on his beat is

simply a curtain-raiser, and it should be understood that "The Roof" has better thrills to follow.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown. By Lady Longford. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 Nothing Lasts. By Joanna Feverel. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
 Here Comes the King. By Philip Lindsay. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7s. 6d.)
 Mrs. Ritchie. By Willa Muir. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
 Overture to Fortune. By Marjorie Booth. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)
 Zest. By Charles G. Norris. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 The Sinner. By I. J. Singer. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
 A Watch in the Night. By Helen C. White. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 Amos Petrie's Puzzle. By J. V. Turner. (Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.)
 Murder Rehearsal. By Roger East. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 Sleep No More. By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)
 The Return of Arsène Lupin. By Maurice Leblanc. (Sheffington; 7s. 6d.)
 The Roof. By David Whitelaw. (Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.)



A SOUVENIR OF THE FIJI ISLANDS, WHICH ARE A PORT OF CALL OF THE MATSON LINER "MONTEREY" ON HER VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO AUSTRALIA: A SNAPSHOT OF STRONG, HAPPY, CHILD-LIKE WOMEN FROM THIS SOUTH SEA PARADISE WHICH PROVIDES ONE OF THE PLEASANT MEMORIES OF THIS DIRECT AND INTERESTING ROUTE.



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